

# The BETHEL OXFORD COUNTY CITIZEN

THE BETHEL NEWS, 1895

THE RUMFORD CITIZEN, 1906

Volume XLIV—Number 48

BETHEL, MAINE, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 1, 1938

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## OFFICERS ANNOUNCED 1939 CONSERVATION

The first step in the administration of the Agricultural Conservation Program for 1939 was the election of community and county committees. On the Oxford County committee there will be Edmund C. Smith, Bethel, Chairman; Edward W. Russell, Vice Chairman; Robert D. Hastings, East Bethel, third member. The county is divided into nine communities, each of which has a committee of three members. The communities and men elected in each are as follows, the first named being chairman and the second vice chairman:

Southern Oxford—S. B. Stanley, R. N. Lowell, Percy Connick  
Fryeburg—Harold Pittman, Lawrence Eastman, Shirley Benson  
Kear Valley—B. W. Sanderson, L. W. Marston, Ralph Klucken  
Norway-Oxford—Chester Thurston, Arthur Hayes, Maurice Flint  
Paris—John McKee, L. J. Abbott, Nestor Tomlinson  
Hebron-Buckfield—Wilson Co-nant, Gerald Bessey, Raymond E. Keene  
Bethel—William Chapman, Hugh Stearns, Fred Wight  
Rumford—Warren Abbott, Walter Bailey, Howard Goddard  
Androscoggon Valley—Charles F. Tripp, J. G. Gammon, Howard Irish

A meeting for instruction for these community committees will be held at South Paris on next Tuesday, Dec. 6. Some of the things to be included on the program are—1. Demonstration in calculating farm soil-building goals; 2. Demonstration of filling out applications for lime and superphosphate on a free grant basis; 3. Methods used in establishing potato allotments; 4. Practices in the 1939 program; and 5. Plans to inform the farmer of these practices.

## BREEDING SCHOOL FOR LOCAL DAIRYMEN, DEC. 8-9

Oxford County dairymen are to have an excellent opportunity to bring themselves up to date on progress in dairy breeding, says County Agent R. F. Blanchard. A two-day dairy breeding school, with speakers direct from the campus of the University of Maine, is to be held Dec. 8 and 9 at Fire Hall in South Paris.

The program at these dairy breeding schools will be something like this. Dr. J. F. Witter, of the department of animal industry at the University of Maine, will open the school with a discussion of the physiology of reproduction as shown in dairy cattle.

R. F. Talbot, dairy specialist in the Maine Extension Service, is to speak on fundamental principles of inheritance. He will first explain how some of the more simple characteristics, like color, are transmitted to the next generation. He will then present the most recent information on transmission of the more complex characteristics, such as ability to produce milk and butterfat.

Ralph Corbett, assistant dairy specialist in the Maine Extension Service, will attempt to tell dairymen how they may be able to apply this information in their own dairy herds. In most counties local dairymen will also take part in the discussion.

All dairy herd improvement association members and other dairymen are invited to attend.

## SNOW COVERS EAST

Bethel fared better than other sections of the State in a cold snow storm Friday. Many hunters were marooned in the woods in the eastern part of the State and traffic throughout New England was difficult and hazardous. Most of the roads in this vicinity were clear at all times.

## BASKETBALL SEASON OPENS FRIDAY

On Friday night the Gould Quintets will open their 1938-39 season playing a veteran Gorham High team here in a double feature. The second teams will clash at 7:15 with the Varsity aggregations pitting their strength at 8:30.

The local team is not as yet a tried and finished team. They may do very well and with a number of new men starting they may not be able to overcome that first game jitters. Fans may be sure of a good fast game however in which anything may happen.

Prospects for the future look fairly bright with Parker Brown and Buddy Clough soon to be in suit again. A sad blow to team and the school was the dropping of basketball by Lee Hutchins. Coach Anderson had hoped to team Wentzel and Hutchins in the forward positions and the pair certainly teamed well and were coming fine.

The opening lineup for the varsity Friday will probably be Wentzel and Tucker forwards, Palmer center and Smith and either Holt or Howe as guards.

The Gorham team comes here with mostly veteran men. Gould took both games last year and the New Hampshire rivals are out to return the compliments this year. "Buck" Spinks of Bates College, who has been so popular here as an official, will referee the varsity game.

## WOODSTOCK H. S. DRAMA ATTRACTS MANY

There was a large attendance at the drama, "Here Comes Charlie," presented by the students of Woodstock High School at the gymnasium, Nov. 22. The cast was as follows:

Nora Malone, cook at the Elliott home, Mary Davis  
Officer Tim McGrill, Nora's sweetheart, Kenneth Buck  
Mrs. Fanny Farnham, Larry's aunt by marriage, Evelyn Seames  
Larry Elliott, a young business man, Herschel Abbott  
Ted Hartley, his old-time college pal, Robert Vittum  
Vivian Smythe-Kersey, Larry's fiancée, Margaret Howe  
Uncle Aleck Twigg, in charge of Charlie, Russell Yates  
Charlie Hopps, Larry's ward, Barbara Cole

Caroline Smythe-Kersey, Vivian's mother, Beatrice Hathaway  
Mortimer Smythe-Kersey, Vivian's brother, Stephen Chase  
Otis Evans was stage manager and Mr. MacKillop was in charge of the scenery.

## BIRTHDAY PARTY

Miss Arlene Greenleaf was given a surprise party at her home Saturday evening in honor of her birthday. The party was planned by Mrs. S. S. Greenleaf and Miss Althea Sweeney. Games were enjoyed and refreshments including a birthday cake were served. The guest of honor received many gifts. Other guests were Miss Barbara Hall, Miss Muriel Hall, Miss Sylvia Bird, Edwin Stanley, Donald and Irving Brown, Dwight Morrill, and Robert Greenleaf.

Business at the Grand Trunk station is probably at the highest point since last winter. Many trucks are engaged in loading "rayon" pulp and lumber.

## NOTICE

The annual meeting of the stockholders of The Bethel National Bank will be held in the banking rooms of said Bank in Bethel, Maine, on Tuesday, January 10th, 1939, at two o'clock in the afternoon for the purpose of electing directors for the ensuing year and the transaction of any business that may legally come before said meeting.

ELLERY C. PARK, Cashier, Bethel, Maine, December 1, 1938.

## BRYANT POND 4-H CLUB GIRL WINS STATE HANDICRAFT AWARD

Barbara Cole, 17, of Bryant Pond, has received state recognition for her handicraft projects through a new national contest conducted by the extension service.

Incorporating her home improvement work with handicraft, she re-finished a chair, antique desk, picture and book case, made partitions for a drawer, painted desk accessories, and mounted a blotter. The work was valued at \$6.35. Materials cost only 41 cents, representing a saving of \$5.94.

For her ambitious record she receives the state prize, a 17 jewel gold wrist watch given by the Dutch Kraft Corporation. A Rhode Island boy was named winner in the eastern extension section and awarded a trip to the 17th National 4-H Club Congress in Chicago. While there he was presented a \$200 college scholarship.

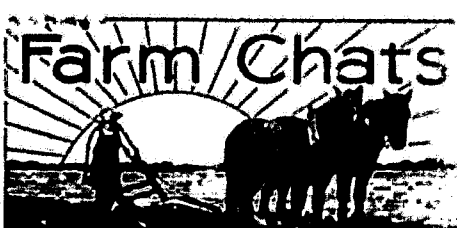
## MILTON HARD WORKERS 4-H CLUB REORGANIZES

The Milton Hard Workers 4-H Club reorganized Nov. 18. The following officers were elected:

President—Donald Farnum  
Vice-President—Wilma Poland  
Secretary—Fay Billings  
Treasurer—Lola Billings  
Color Bearer—Alberto Poland  
Cheer Leader—Alice Buck  
Club Reporter—Beatrice Farnum  
Mrs. Rena Abbott is the local leader and Florence Billings, assistant leader. Miss Rosen was present and gave a demonstration on "First Aid." After the meeting songs were sung and refreshments of ice cream, cake and cookies were served.

This club now has 13 members taking 14 projects. At the County Contest this year it received its eighth seal of achievement. The members won six first prizes and nine second prizes. Wilma Poland was junior county champion in Sewing.—Beatrice Farnum, Club Reporter.

Farm-wage rates in 1939 are expected to remain about the same as in 1938. Machinery prices may be slightly lower, building materials a little higher and fertilizers, especially organic ammonia carriers, somewhat lower.



There is still time to enroll for the short courses in poultry, dairy and potato production, offered by the College of Agriculture at the University of Maine. Full details are available from the Director of Short Courses, College of Agriculture, Orono, Maine.

The 1939 agricultural conservation program follows closely the program for 1938. Changed crop conditions or simplified administration are given by the AAA as the reason for most changes in the new program.

Rayon is one product that thrived even in depression. Production was 60 percent greater in 1933 than in 1929. Beginning with 1934, production was again greatly stimulated, and in 1937 was about 160 percent greater than in 1923. Cellulose is the basic substance used in rayon manufacture. In 1937 the rayon industry used 180,000 bales of raw cotton linters and 139,000 tons of pulp wood as a source of cellulose. A promising new synthetic material is "plastic 66"—produced from castor oil and coal tar. Its biggest potential use is in women's hosiery where it will compete with natural silk.

## SUNDAY TRAIN TO CHANGE TIME

Beginning next Sunday, Dec. 4, the west bound Sunday passenger train will leave Portland at 12:05. Its time at Bethel has not been announced, but it will be about 2:25 p. m. The change is made for the convenience of travelers arriving from Boston, allowing time for a connection not possible before.

## OXFORD COUNTY UNITED PARISH

It looks like a big week end for the United Parish Pilgrim Fellowship. On Saturday the young people of the Parish, together with those from Norway and South Paris, are expecting with great anticipations the University of Maine Deputation Team in charge of "Al" Beverage. The festivities are going to begin with a banquet at 6:30; with greetings and talks around the tables. Then after the tables are cleared away the young people are eager to hear the Swing Band get into action; and it surely looks as though an interesting party would fill the rest of the evening. On Sunday morning the Deputation Team will have a part in the services of the Parish; and on Sunday afternoon the farewell rally will be held at the Congregational Church in Norway. We hope that all of our young people of high school age and over will be with us at the Wilkins House Saturday evening; at the Church Services, Sunday morning; and at the Rally at Norway.

Next Monday night is the date for the meeting of the Waterford Men's Club. The speaker will be announced later.

Next Tuesday evening there will be a supper at North Waterford in charge of the Missionary Committee. We may be able to have some slides in the evening.

Next Wednesday evening is the date of the last session of the Institute on Churchmanship. If you have not been there you will want to go, to see what good times you have been missing.

Another supper at Albany Thursday evening. The ladies at Albany are having their kitchen enlarged. They always have served delicious suppers. What will they be able to do now!

We have not yet heard about any date for next Friday.

We are now in the Advent Season—the season that prepares us for the coming of Christmas. Will you not try to be at Church during this most helpful season. Try to be there Sunday to hear the message that the young men and women from the University have to bring to us.

THANKSGIVING SERVICE AT CHRISTIAN SCIENCE CHURCH  
A Thanksgiving Day service was held by the Christian Science Society of Bethel in the church edifice, at 7:30 o'clock on the evening of Thanksgiving Day.

The service opened with the congregation singing the hymn, "We thank the heavenly Father," No. 239 in the Christian Science Hymnal. The Thanksgiving Proclamation by the Governor of the State of Maine was then read by the First Reader.

The Scriptural selection was —Continued on Page Four

**BASKETBALL**  
DOUBLEHEADER  
GOULD vs.  
GORHAM, N. H., HIGH  
at 8:30  
GOULD SECONDS vs.  
GORHAM SECONDS  
at 7:15  
**FRIDAY, DEC. 2**  
Wm. Bingham Gym. Admission 25c

## WEST PARIS MAN DIES RESULT CAR CRASH

Arthur A. Chamberlin of West Paris died at the Rumford Community Hospital Tuesday night. He suffered a fractured left leg and left arm, five ribs and possibly a punctured lung when his car was rammed on Merryfield Hill near Bryant Pond Sunday evening as he attempted to crank it. No action was brought against Harlan Hilton of Bridgton, driver of the car which crashed the Chamberlin car.

Mr. Chamberlin was born in Canaan, Vt., Aug. 26, 1881, the son of Abial and Clarissa Mitchell Chamberlin. He had lived in Maine the past 29 years. His wife, formerly Ada Maxim of East Livermore, died last summer.

Funeral services will be held at Andrews' funeral home, South Woodstock, Friday morning at 10 o'clock.

## CULLEN ABBOTT

Cullen Abbott died at his home at North Woodstock Wednesday morning, after eight years of poor health.

He was born in Milton Plantation March 27, 1860, the son of Calvin and Susan Buck Abbott. He married Nellie R. Billings 55 years ago. For the past 57 years he lived in Woodstock and was a golden sheaf member of Franklin Grange and the Bryant Pond Baptist Church.

Besides his wife he is survived by one brother, Benjamin Abbott of Bryant Pond; two daughters, Mrs. Elva Abbott and Mrs. Lillie Hemmingsway of North Woodstock; a son, Leslie Abbott of Bryant Pond; four grandchildren, Mrs. Harriet Farrington, Harlan and Herschel Abbott of Bryant Pond, Mrs. Elsie A. Bennett of Locke Mills; and two great grandchildren.

Funeral services will be held at the North Woodstock Chapel Saturday morning at 10:30.

## LEGION AUXILIARY NOTES

The second district council of the American Legion Auxiliary met at Locke Mills Saturday, Nov. 19. The Jackson-Silver Unit served as hostess. The meeting was conducted by Mrs. Lurvey, State Vice-President. The State officers present were President Olive Tinkham of Auburn; Fidac Chairman, Clara Jackson, Bryant Pond; Rehabilitation Chairman, Mary Dumas, Lisbon Falls.

Mrs. Tinkham gave a brief talk on her activities for the year's work. Those attending from Bethel were Mrs. Olive Lurvey, Mrs. Alta Meserve, Mrs. Iola Forbes, Mrs. Carrie French, Mrs. Jennie Currier, Mrs. Marjorie McAllister, Mrs. Frances Bennett and Mrs. L. Adeline Fish. The next meeting will be held at Lewiston Dec. 10, with that Auxiliary acting as hostess.

The Legion and Auxiliary held a joint meeting at their rooms last Tuesday evening in observance of Thanksgiving.

## TAXPAYERS ATTENTION

On Dec. 31st, 1938, our Town Books will close for this year. Your Collector's Report which will be given in at that time must include all unpaid taxes.

Heed this warning and pay your taxes now.

Your Town needs your support.

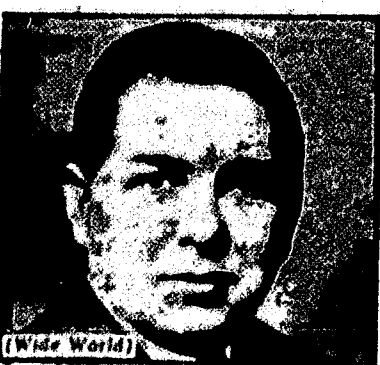
WALTER E. BARTLETT  
Collector  
for Town of Bethel



# People and Spots in the Late News



**"CAGEY" CHAMPIONS** ... With eyes on 1939 basketball title, these seven letter-men remaining from University of "Washington's" former national championship squad, tuned up at Seattle. Left to right: Robert Dorr, Pat Dorsey, Clyde MacDonald, Newell Priest, Dick Voelker, Roy Williamson, Harry Lockhart.



**PATMAN BILL SCORED** ... Denouncing Rep. Wright Patman's proposal to destroy chain stores by taxation as "harmful to our community and economic life," members of National Association of Real Estate Boards at Milwaukee convention adopted program of opposition to anti-chain bill under E. L. Ostendorf, above, president-elect.



**WHAT FLAVOR, PLEASE?** ... Inspiration gleaned from stick of candy apparently guided Parisian fashion expert in creation of this full-skirted evening dress of black and white striped satin with stripes cleverly handled to make design unusual.



**WINTER WINDOWS "UP"** ... Employment gains from nationwide trend to window conditioning for home insulation are reported by G. P. MacNichol Jr., vice-president Libbey-Owens-Ford Glass company, which has shared business improvement by restoring pay levels and re-funding 1938 reductions to all salaried employees.



**HIGHWAY CLOWNING** ... Contempt for motorists who continually annoyed him with horn blowing caused David E. Wilson of Santa Monica, Calif., to invent this "longue sticker-outer" which is attached to car's rear light and operated from driver's seat by button on dashboard.



**CALLED HOME** ... Seeking first hand information on current situation in Germany, President Roosevelt recalled U. S. Ambassador Hugh R. Wilson, above, with Mrs. Wilson, in move which close observers at Washington point to as direct slap at Reich's persecution of Jews.

## Upton

Misses Etta Barnett and Sarah Casey, who attend school in Rumford, were home for the Thanksgiving holidays.

Mr. and Mrs. Martin Colby and family of Bethel spent the holidays at her mother's home.

Frances Fuller was home from Norway over the week-end.

The Live Wire Club held a regular meeting Monday night and a special meeting Friday night at the home of the leader, C. A. Judkins.

Mr. and Mrs. Scott Coolidge spent last week with her relatives in Berlin. They plan to go to Florida for the winter this week.

Mr. Mauter took the Young People to a Rally at Rumford Point Sunday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Perry Judkins and family of Andover spent Saturday and Sunday with relatives in town. Albert Judkins was home from the University of Maine for the holiday recess.

Gordon Barnett, Robert and Doris Walters spent Thanksgiving at their home here.

Mr. and Mrs. Hinkley and family spent Thursday with relatives in Norway.

The comedy, "The Ready-Made Family," which has been postponed, plans are under way to present it Friday evening, Dec. 2.

Mr. Fitzpatrick preached at Upton and Newry Sunday, while Mr. Mauter delivered his sermons at Errol and Magalloway.

## Greenwood Center

Mr. and Mrs. D. R. Cole and family had for Thanksgiving guests, Mr. and Mrs. William Morgan and family, West Paris, Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Robinson and family, Locke Mills, Mr. and Mrs. Lester Cole and family and Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Cole.

Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Martin and family entertained on Thanksgiving day, Mr. and Mrs. Glen Martin and family, Mr. and Mrs. Beryl

**Duck Hawk Is Speedy**  
The duck hawk's average speed is 165 miles an hour with a maximum of 180 miles an hour.

Martin and family and Mrs. Lee Mills. Lee Mills was there Thanksgiving evening.

Leroy Martin Jr. shot a spike-horn deer Thanksgiving day.

Lovell Churchill, Mechanic Falls, is staying at Roy Martin's while hunting.

## BRYANT'S MARKET

| AT IGA Markets                  | MEATS          | Friday and Saturday   | FRESH FISH | Tuesdays and Fridays                      |
|---------------------------------|----------------|-----------------------|------------|-------------------------------------------|
| Meaty—Boneless                  | CHUCK ROAST    | lb. 23c               | IGA        | CAKE FLOUR 2 3/4 lb. pkg. 25c             |
| Fresh                           | PORK ROAST     | 3 lb. Rib End lb. 20c | SUPERBA    | Elberta PEACHES 1gs. can 25c              |
| Fresh                           | PORK LIVER     | lb. 16c               | IGA        | MINCE MEAT 9 oz. pkg. 10c                 |
| <b>FRIDAY-SATURDAY SPECIALS</b> |                |                       |            |                                           |
| IGA                             | FAMILY FLOUR   | 24 1/2 lb. 79c        | IGA        | BAKING POWDER lb. can 19c                 |
| IGA                             | OCCIDENT FLOUR | 24 1/2 lb. 97c        | IGA        | Black Pepper 2 3 oz. pkgs. 15c            |
| IGA                             | SPRY           | 3 lb. can 49c         | IGA        | HOYT'S Delicious POP CORN BRITTLE lb. 29c |
| IGA                             | CRISCO         | 3 lb. can 49c         | IGA        | FRESH FRUITS AND VEGETABLES               |
| IGA                             | MARGARINE      | lb. pkg. 19c          |            |                                           |

**I.G.A. STORES**

## Rowe Hill, Greenwood

### Thanksgiving Notes

Thanksgiving guests at Mont Brooks' were Roland Brooks of Gorham, N. H., and Carl Brooks of West Paris.

Mr. and Mrs. Osmond Palmer entertained Mr. and Mrs. Hazen Emery and daughter Norma, also Terrance Hathaway.

Mr. and Mrs. Newton Bryant entertained Mr. and Mrs. Durward Lang and son Merle of Woodstock and Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Ring and family of East Sumner.

Mr. and Mrs. Colby Ring and Albert Ring took Thanksgiving dinner at Mrs. Lucy McAllister's at Bryant Pond.

Mr. and Mrs. Glenn Martin and two sons were guests of Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Martin at Greenwood Center.

Ray Hanscom was a guest of Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Hanscom at North Newry.

Albert Ring called on Ray Hanscom Friday evening.

Winifred Bryant is spending a few days with her sister, Mrs. C. F. Ring at East Sumner.

Albert Ring returned to Bates College Sunday night.

Glenwood Libby was home from his work at Greenwood Center over Sunday.

Mont Brooks has been yarding pine for Jason Bennett.

A party of four from West Paris have been at Emery's camp. One got an eight point buck.

"Low Countries" of Europe  
The "Low Countries" of Europe are the Netherlands, Belgium and Luxemburg.

**NOTICE OF FORECLOSURE**  
Whereas Herman Mason, of Bethel, County of Oxford, State of Maine, by his mortgage deed dated September 15, 1925, recorded in Oxford County Registry of Deeds, Book 352, Page 385, conveyed to Bethel Savings Bank, a corporation established by law and located at said Bethel, a certain parcel of land situated in what was then the town of Albany, in said County, now Albany Township, and being a part of Lot numbered seven (7), in the third (3) range, and being the same premises conveyed by John A. Pingree to William W. Mason, by deed dated September 3, 1873, and recorded in said Registry, Book 168, Page 6.

And whereas the condition of said mortgage has been broken; now, therefore, by reason of the breach of the condition thereof, the said Bethel Savings Bank claims a foreclosure of said mortgage. Dated November 19, 1938.

BETHEL SAVINGS BANK  
by Fred F. Bean  
Its Treasurer duly authorized.



### Rev. I. N. Demy says:

I have found nothing in the past 20 years that can take the place of Dr. Miles Anti-Pain Pills. They are a sure relief for my headache.

Sufferers from Headache, Neuralgia, Toothache, Backache, Sciatica, Rheumatism, Lumbago, Neuritis, Muscular Pains, Periodic Pains, write that they have used Dr. Miles Anti-Pain Pills with better results than they had even hoped for.

Countless American housewives would no more think of keeping house without Dr. Miles Anti-Pain Pills than without flour or sugar. Keep a package in your medicine cabinet and save yourself needless suffering. At Drug Stores—25c and \$1.00.

**DR. MILES' ANTI-PAIN PILLS**

## Grover Hill

Mrs. M. F. Tyler, who has joined the Farm Bureau, recently enjoyed a meeting at West Bethel.

Mrs. A. R. Grover from Gorham has been enjoying a visit with her daughter, Mrs. Verne Mills, at No. Albany, and her sister, Mrs. F. A. Mundt, of this place.

Clyde L. Whitman, Cleve Waterhouse and J. Burton Abbott are still working on the fallen timber in Sweden.

Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Whitman and son Robert from Bridgton were at their home here Saturday.

A. J. Peaslee is now at his home and says he is still gaining.

The road breakers were over this road last Saturday.

We all enjoy the Citizen Magazine.

### Meaning of Fiat Money

According to Crowell's Dictionary of Finance, fiat money is paper money issued by a government against which neither gold nor silver is held in the treasury. It is money by fiat (decree) of government.

## BUSINESS CARDS

Watch This Space for Dates



Eyes Examined, Glasses Furnished

by

**E. L. GREENLEAF**

OPTOMETRIST

over Rowe's Store

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 3

## DR. HOWARD E. TYLER

CHIROPRACTOR

Bethel, NORWAY

Mon. Afternoon Tel. 222

Thurs. Evening

**S. S. Greenleaf**  
Funeral Home  
Modern Ambulance Equipment  
TELEPHONE 112 BETHEL, ME.  
DAY AND NIGHT SERVICE

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The purchaser of standard advertised products takes no chances.

The quality and price are right.

The manufacturer cannot afford to have it otherwise.

## BUY NATIONALLY ADVERTISED GOODS IN BETHEL

CHILTON Pens, E. F. LYON

Community, Rogers Bros., and

Holmes & Edwards Silver,

E. F. LYON

GOODRICH Rubbers, ROWE'S

MICHAELS-STERN Clothes, ROWE'S

PHILCO Radios, E. F. LYON

MUNSON WEAR, ROWE'S

WALK OVER Shoes, ROWE'S

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# THE POCKETBOOK of KNOWLEDGE

BY TOPPS



## Bryant Pond

Gordon and Faulkner Chase returned to Orono Sunday after spending Thanksgiving with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Alden Chase.

Mr. and Mrs. Rupert Hathaway spent the Thanksgiving week-end in Boston, the guests of his mother, Mrs. Claire Hathaway.

Mrs. Agnes Brooks returned from Portland Sunday, having been the Thanksgiving guest of Mr. and Mrs. Clyde Brooks.

Some of the local hunters to shoot a deer are Sydney Ring, Homer Farnum, Roy Noyes, Lester Hathaway, and James Billings.

Miss Dorothea Billings of Portland spent the week-end with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Herman Billings.

Miss Dorothy Dunbar and Miss Thelma MacKillop have returned home from Massachusetts. Miss Beatrice Griffiths, secretary of Gordon College of Theology and Musicians, and Ray Landry, a senior at Gordon College, brought them home and spent the week-end at Rev. and Mrs. MacKillop's, returning home Monday morning.

Miss Evangeline Houghton and three friends from Massachusetts spent the week-end in town.

**Hanover**

J. C. Dill of Houlton, Archie Dill and daughter, Miss Betty Dill, of Bangor were guests of Mrs. Alice Staples over the week end.

Mrs. O. P. Russell entertained her mother, Mrs. James Coady of Bangor, over Thanksgiving, also her brother and family of Massachusetts and Mr. and Mrs. Lee Richardson and daughters, Donna and Betty, of Bangor.

Oscar Dyke is out from the Lake, where he has been guiding the Pearson party.

J. B. Roberts is at home and is convalescing slowly.

Mrs. Genie Daly of Portland spent Thanksgiving with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Saunders.

Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Saunders and son were also guests for the day.

Mr. and Mrs. Vervon Lapham spent Thanksgiving with her father in St. Johnsbury, Vt.

Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Cummings entertained a family party, consisting of Mrs. Addie Farwell, Mrs. Lena Wight and daughter Kathleen of Bethel, William Wight of Hazardville, Conn., Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Stearns and three children of Andover, Mr. and Mrs. George Pillsbury and son of Oquossoc, Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Sherwood of Salem, Mass., Mr. and Mrs. Wallace Farwell and family of Lowell, Mass., Mr. Clara Rayford of South Paris, Mrs. Mable McAllister of Lovell,

## Songo Pond

Ray Mills of North Albany was a caller at Hollis Grindle's Sunday evening.

Thanksgiving guests at Leslie Kimball's were Mr. and Mrs. Ralston Bennett and Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Stone of Fryeburg and Wendell Barker and family.

Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Saunders had as guests Tuesday evening Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Foster, Mr. and Mrs. M. A. Naimy, Mr. and Mrs. Clifford Cole of Bethel and Mr. Hines of Portland. Cards were enjoyed and a bear steak lunch was served by Mrs. Saunders.

Carlton Saunders was an over night guest of his brother and wife, Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Saunders, Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Curtis Winslow were at Herbert Winslow's Sunday evening.

A slight error was made in last week's news. Elmer Saunders' bear was found to weigh 410 pounds and measured 7 feet, 10 inches.

Guests of Mr. and Mrs. Hollis Grindle Thanksgiving day were Albert and William Vye, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Bryant, son George and daughter Evelyn, all of Auburn, William Roberts and Frank Smith of Locke Mills and Richard Hinkley of Bethel.

George Brown and daughter Arlene of Bethel were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Roger Clough and family Thanksgiving day.

Charles Bryant of Auburn and Elmer Saunders each got a deer recently.

Paul Cyr of Lewiston was an over night guest of Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Saunders Friday.

Donald Child took a truck load of slabs to Auburn Saturday for his uncle, Charles Bryant.

Leonard Kimball is plowing the roads to Arthur Kimball's and other back roads in this vicinity.

Mrs. Eva Barker is getting along nicely. She is still with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Lealle Kimball.

Charles Bryant and family of Auburn returned to their home Sunday after staying with Mr. Bryant's sister, Mrs. Hollis Grindle and family a few days.

**Sunday River**

Miss Winifred Bean is ill with rheumatic fever.

Mr. and Mrs. Miles Brookes from S. Windham spent Thanksgiving day with Roland Fleet's family.

Joe Welch spent Thanksgiving day in Lewiston.

Robert M. Bean hauled wood Tuesday for Robert Foster.

Mrs. Mary Foster is gaining slowly. Miss Dorothy Foster is home for a few days.

## East Bethel

Mr. and Mrs. Carroll Curtis, Gertrude, Lewis, Gall and Robert Curtis were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Lester McGown, South Paris, on Thanksgiving day.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Bracy and daughter Nancy and Mrs. Nettie Rogerson of Mexico were Thanksgiving guests of Mrs. Alfred Curtis. Mrs. Rogerson and granddaughter, Nancy Bracy, remained over the week-end.

Mr. and Mrs. Freeman Merrill and children were guests of relatives in Rumford for Thanksgiving.

Thanksgiving guests of Mr. and Mrs. S. B. Newton were Mr. and Mrs. Alvin Averill, Basil Hutchins, Edward Hutchins, Herbert Hutchins, Mr. and Mrs. Lee Falkenham, Harold Falkenham of Andover, Mr. and Mrs. Albert Allen of Upton, and Mrs. Guy Emmons and son of Kennebunkport.

Lester Coolidge Jr. is boarding with Mrs. S. B. Newton.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Hastings and children were Thanksgiving guests of Mr. and Mrs. Merton Lake.

Mr. and Mrs. Wendall Edmonds of Norway were Thanksgiving and week-end guests of Mr. and Mrs. Dana Harrington.

Mrs. Haakon Olson of Newry was at her parents', Mr. and Mrs. Dana Harrington's, over Thanksgiving day.

Harry Blake of Malden, Mass., and Jack Clark of Everett, Mass., are at Urban Bartlett's.

Mr. and Mrs. George Haines entertained Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Noyes, Marilyn and Carolyn Noyes, Mr. and Mrs. James Haines and Nancy Lee on Thanksgiving day.

Mrs. Earl Swinton of South Portland was at her father's, Irwin Farrar's Thanksgiving day. Mrs. Farrar and son Dean, who have been in Rumford several weeks, returned home Wednesday. Dean's hand is gaining slowly from the blood poisoning and he has to have it dressed at Rumford every day.

Miss Hazel Billings completed her duties at J. C. Bartlett's Wednesday of last week and is at her home now.

Mr. and Mrs. George Harrington have moved into S. B. Newton's rent after being at Everett Billings' for several months.

Raymond Bartlett is working for Alvah Hendrickson in South Woodstock as cook in his woods camp.

Mrs. Ida Blake is visiting her daughter, Mrs. Lennie Hutchinson, and family in Dixfield.

Mr. and Mrs. Guy Bartlett entertained Mr. and Mrs. Loton Hutchinson of West Bethel and Raymond Bartlett Thanksgiving day.

B. W. Kimball was at John Howe's Thanksgiving day.

Rodney Howe, in company with Dana Brooks and Chester Bickford, was at Umbagog Lake Friday night and Saturday.

Five tables of whist were in play Monday evening at the hall. High scores were won by Rodney Howe and Elmer Trask. Low scores by Florence Hastings and Robert Billings. Friday evening the Grange are to sponsor an old fashioned dance with refreshments of pies, doughnuts and coffee.

Mrs. Flora Kierstead spent Monday at her home here. She is caring for Mrs. Eames in Newry and has been there a number of weeks.

The Lucky Clover Girls' Club met at Mrs. Howe's Saturday afternoon. They took up the different parts of a sewing machine and practiced basting stitches. Games were played and sandwiches and cocoa enjoyed. The next meeting will be Dec. 10 on stitching of straight and curved lines.

**Locke Mills**

Philip Cummings shot a deer Thanksgiving Day.

Mr. and Mrs. George Lister spent Thanksgiving with their daughter at Auburn.

John Tebbets was home from Wilbraham Mass., for the holiday recess.

Keith Ring is visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. James Ring.

Grace Bartlett and Marlon Heath spent Thanksgiving with their parents at Sumner.

Several from here attended the drama, "Here Comes Charlie," presented at Bryant Pond, last Tuesday evening, by the Senior Class of Woodstock High.



WINS EGG LAYING CONTEST TROPHY

President T. A. Murray of Hampden Highlands presenting Maine Egg Contest award to Rufus W. Lathrop of Gardiner while one of winning hens, unused to such honors, hides her head . . . but not in shame.

## North Newry

Earle Wildes of Kennebunk is staying at Wight Brook Camps for the remainder of the hunting season.

Twenty-seven deer have been tagged here this year which is only about a third as many as last year.

The Young People of Upton and Newry went to Rumford Point Sunday night to a rally.

Thanksgiving Guests

Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Vail entertained Mrs. Helen Elliott over the holiday.

Mr. and Mrs. G. K. Wight of Framingham, Mass., and L. E. Wight and family were dinner guests Thanksgiving day at F. W. Wight's.

Mr. and Mr. Hartley Hanscom had as guests Mr. and Mrs. Robert Cole, Hazel, Ruth and Ray Hanscom.

Mr. and Mrs. F. C. Bennett had dinner with Mr. and Mrs. S. T. Tripp.

Miss Delma Ross spent Thanksgiving in Portland.

## South Bethel

Oscar Tibbets of Yarmouth was calling on friends in this place Sunday.

David Libby was one of the lucky hunters, shooting a buck deer which weighed 215 pounds after being dressed.

Mr. Moss has moved to the Frank Brooks farm.

Herbert Tift has moved to the Annis rent at Bethel.

James Bennett has moved from Mayville to the Frank Stevens rent at South Bethel.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Abbott of Millettville visited with her son Shirley Chase, Thanksgiving Day.

Vear Bean got a good deer recently.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Brooks were entertained at the home of their daughter and family, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Mason, Thanksgiving Day.

Jim Spinney has his house nearly completed.

Charles Libby and son have taken a wood job of Charles Mason, Locke Mills.



—That Anyone Will Enjoy All Year

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a Year

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Articles  
a Year

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City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_



# THE OXFORD COUNTY CITIZEN PUBLISHED THURSDAYS AT BETHEL, MAINE

CARL L. BROWN, Publisher

Entered as second class matter, May 7, 1908, at the post office at Bethel, Maine.

Card of Thanks, 75c. Resolutions of Respect, \$1.00. Reading notices in town items, 10c per line.

Single copies of the Citizen are on sale at the Citizen office and also by:

|                           |             |
|---------------------------|-------------|
| W. E. Bosserman,          | Bethel      |
| Chamberlin's Fruit Store, | Bethel      |
| Irving Brown,             | Bethel      |
| Gilbert LeClair,          | Bethel      |
| Maurice Kendall,          | West Bethel |
| Harry Chase, Jr.,         | Hanover     |
| Clayton Holden,           | Gilead      |
| Chase's,                  | Bryant Pond |
| Edith Mason,              | Locke Mills |
| Judkins' Store,           | Upton       |

Any article or letter intended for publication in the Citizen must bear the signature and address of the author and be written on only one side of the paper. We reserve the right to exclude or publish contributions in part.

Subscription rate \$2.00 per year; Three years for \$5.00. Single copies 5c.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 1, 1938

## THE LOW DOWN from HICKORY GROVE

Some folks keep pointing at the bankers and blaming them for everything, like even chinch bugs, etc.; but you know, they are not such a bad lot—if you once know 'em, and don't happen to owe them anything. But the ones I know, they are just cashiers and presidents, etc.—and not vice-presidents—so maybe that has something to do with it.

But anyway, bankers, they have been in the dog-house.



But our Gov't, which is finding fault with the bankers, if it would run its business with one-half the gumption that the bankers use, we would not all need to lay awake nights wondering what is going to happen next, to upset the apple-cart.

The bankers, they stick to money, like a shoemaker, he sticks to shoes. But our Gov't, it spends most of its time acting as if nobody else knew beans, and it must look after everybody like we are 2 year olds—like Mr. Hitler in Europe, he thinks he is Napoleon, and runs everything. Bankers—I would sooner let them hold my gold watch and chain, if I had one, than some of the gent's there in Wash.

Yours, with the low down,  
JO BERRA

### West Paris

The Bates Literary Club will meet Friday afternoon with Mrs. Della Penley. The program consists of Flowers and Gardens of Japan.

Mrs. Della Penley Greene's New Englander in Japan, Miss Ruth Tucker Readings from some Japanese author.

Mrs. Geneva Tuell A family reunion was held at the home of Mrs. Minnie Ford Thanksgiving day. Guests included Mr. and Mrs. Orland Field and daughter Betty Jane, Mr. and Mrs. Harold Ford and daughter Carol Louise, all of Greene, Mr. and Mrs. Norman Ford and daughter Mary Elizabeth, Bethel, Miss Edith Salls, Locke Mills, and Reginald Ford.

Mrs. Rupert Ellingwood is ill with the prevailing epidemic.

Mr. and Mrs. Harold Hollis and family were Thanksgiving guests at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Vaughn of Livermore Falls.

Herbert Perkins of South Paris spent Thanksgiving day with his niece Mrs. Walter Hing and family.

The second meeting of the Red Cross was held Wednesday evening at the M. E. Chapel.

Walter Inman was the lucky hunter who shot a deer on the hunting party trip to South Arm.

## FOR THESE WE ARE TRULY THANKFUL



### THANKSGIVING SERVICE

—Continued from Page One

from Psalms and was read by the First Reader. After the Scriptural selection the congregation united in silent prayer which was followed by the audible repetition of the Lord's Prayer with its spiritual interpretation from the Christian Science textbook, "Science and Health with Key to the Scriptures" by Mary Baker Eddy.

Hymn No. 53, "Help us to help each other Lord" was then sung by the congregation.

The Lesson-Sermon for Thanksgiving Day in the Christian Science Quarterly and read in all Christian Science churches in the United States and many other parts of the world followed the second hymn. The subject of this Lesson-Sermon was "Thanksgiving" and had for the Golden Text: "Offer unto God thanksgiving; and pay thy vows unto the most High" (Psalms 69: 14).

After the responsive reading of Bible passages, the Second Reader read the citations chosen from the Bible, while the First Reader, read the correlative passages from Science and Health.

Among the Scriptural verses was included: "What shall I render unto the Lord for all his benefits toward me? I will pay my vows unto the Lord now in the presence of all his people. I will offer to thee the sacrifice of thanksgiving, and will call upon the name of the Lord" (Psalms 116: 12, 14, 17).

And among the citations from Science and Health was: "Self-forgetfulness, purity, and affection are constant prayers. Practice not profession, understanding not belief, gain the ear and right hand of omnipotence and they assuredly call down infinite blessings. Trustworthiness is the foundation of enlightened faith" (pg. 15: 25-31).

Testimonies appropriate to the occasion were then given by Christian Scientists in the congregation. This period was completely filled by expressions of gratitude for healings and other help received during the past year.

The closing hymn was No. 196, "Shepherd Show Me How to Go." The words of this hymn were written by Mrs. Eddy, and was followed by the Scientific Statement of Being from the Christian Science Textbook, and the correlative passage from 1 John 3: 1-3 read by the First Reader.

The meeting was concluded with the benediction: "Peace be to thy heart forever."

**Cranes Playful Birds**  
Despite their appearance of seriousness, cranes are playful birds, even in old age.

**Preserves Old Stone Fort**  
Pipe Springs national monument in northern Arizona preserves an old stone fort established in 1806 by order of Brigham Young to protect a Mormon cattle ranch from marauding Indians.

### EAST BETHEL SCHOOL NOTES

The following pupils were not absent for the 12 week period ending Nov. 26: Gertrude Curtis, Virgil Curtis, William Hastings, Barbara Hastings, Mary-Alice Hastings, Richard Kimball, Freeman Merrill Jr., Carolyn Noyes, Clare Tyler, Edith Tyler, Richard Tyler. Roger Lake was absent only one-half day.

The following pupils were absent only one day: Kenneth Bartlett, Willis Bartlett Jr., Deborah Farwell, Adelle Kimball.

### GRADE II

The following have not been absent or tardy during the first 12 weeks of school: Lee Carver, Constance Doyen, Rodney Harrington, Muriel Lapham.

The following have not been absent or tardy during the last six weeks of school: Lee Carver, Paul Croteau, Constance Doyen, Eleanor Gurney, Rodney Harrington, Muriel Lapham, Earl McAllister, John Naimy, William Naimy.

### 7TH GRADE NEWS

Perfect attendance for last six weeks: Francis Berry, Edward Little Jr., Lillian Cash, Marilyn Marshall, Lillian Coburn, Alice Pierce, Stanley Davis, Ruel Swann, Phyllis Daye, Robert Thompson, Beatrice Forbes, Raymond Wentzell, Robert Kellogg, Richard Kirk.

100% in Spelling including test of 50 words: Phyllis Daye, Peggy Hanscom, Carol Robertson, Verna Thompson.

### UPTON SCHOOL NEWS

The following pupils of the Primary School have not been absent during the past 12 weeks: Anne Barnett, Alan Fuller, Isabelle Richard, Maurice Richard, George Angevine, Lee Barnett, Yvette Richard, Carrie Angevine, Stanley Fuller, Gordon Brown, Foster Peaslee, Frances Couture, Lewis Barnett, Elsie Brown, Agnes Angevine, Elaine Fuller, David Hinkley, Eunice Lane, Edmond Richard, Phyllis Barnett.

### JOLLY WORKERS

The Jolly Workers junior group of Bryant Pond met at the home of the leader, Mrs. Mann, with 10 members and two assistant leaders, Rachel Twitchell and Carolyn Dunham, present. Muffins were made by the members, in charge of Rachel Twitchell. They were judged, then eaten with butter and jelly. Games were played in charge of Carolyn Ladd and Elsie Redman. Refreshments were served by Madeline Morgan and Elizabeth Noyes.

The next meeting will be held Dec. 10, when we will make white sauce, toast and learn time-saving dish-washing. Carolyn Dunham had charge of the records.—Bramona Farnum, Press Reporter.

**Fish Float at Different Levels**  
Fish are able to float at different levels by compressing or expanding their gas-filled air bladders.

### NEWS OF THE UMBAGOG INTERSTATE LAKE PARISH

THURSDAY. The Upton Ladies Aid will hold an all-day meeting FRIDAY. The people of Upton are presenting "The Ready-Made Family" by Jay Tobias, a riotous comedy in three acts. This play has been postponed from last Friday. The curtain rises at 8:15.

SATURDAY. The curtain will rise for "The Ready-Made Family" at the Bear River Grange Hall at 8:00 p. m.

SUNDAY. Mr. Manter will preach at Newry and Upton this week, and Mr. Fitzpatrick will preach at Errol and Wilson's Mills.

MONDAY. The Boy Scouts will meet in the Errol Town Hall at 7:00 p. m. There will be a young people's social following this meeting.

TUESDAY. There will be the regular service at Sunday River at 7:30. Plans will be made for Christmas at this service.

**Species of Fish in Mediterranean**  
More than 400 species of fish have been observed in the Mediterranean sea.

### SCHOOL SAVINGS BANK

Week of Nov. 28

| Grade | Savings Bank | Total   | PerCent |
|-------|--------------|---------|---------|
| I     | \$3.00       | \$4.15  | 53      |
| II    | 5.00         | 2.95    | 73      |
| III   | 3.00         | 3.00    | 62      |
| IV    | 3.00         | 2.20    | 64      |
|       | \$14.00      | \$12.30 |         |
| V     | \$5.00       | \$3.15  | 57.66   |
| VI    | 1.00         | 1.70    | 51.85   |
| VII   | 1.00         | 2.00    | 53.85   |
| VIII  |              | .45     | 12.12   |
|       | \$7.00       | \$7.30  |         |

Second and Fifth have banners.

### STATE OF MAINE

To all persons interested in either of the Estates hereinafter named:

At a Probate Court, held at Paris in and for the County of Oxford, on the third Tuesday of November, in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and thirty-eight, from day to day from the third Tuesday of said November. The following matters having been presented for the action thereupon hereinafter indicated, it is hereby Ordered:

That notice thereof be given to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford County Citizen a newspaper published at Bethel, in said County, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at said Paris, on the third Tuesday of December, A. D. 1938, at 10 of the clock in the forenoon, and be heard thereon if they see cause.

Mary J. Bartlett, late of Greenwood, deceased; Fifteenth trust account presented for allowance by Ellery C. Park, Trustee.

Clarence M. Barker, late of Bethel, deceased; First account presented for allowance by Alice M. Barker, executrix.

Fred Hapgood, of Bethel, adult ward; Third account presented for allowance by Mildred Hapgood Lyon, Conservator.

Mabel Harden Chase of Greenwood, adult ward; Fourth account presented for allowance by Ellery C. Park, guardian.

Fred W. Sanborn, late of Upton, deceased; Petition for order to distribute balance remaining in his hands, presented by Ellsworth S. Lane, administrator.

Witness, Albert J. Stearns, Judge of said Court at Paris, this third Tuesday of November in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and thirty-eight.

50 EARLE R. CLIFFORD, Register.

## The SNAPSHOT GUILD CHRISTMAS CARDS



Snapshots such as this can be posed any time now—and will make charming, inexpensive Christmas cards.

ABOUT this time each year, I observe a ring of red ink around a date on my calendar, and a note on the margin—"Time to think about Christmas cards." It's a warning that has saved me lots of trouble in the past, and that is why I am passing it along to you now.

Naturally, every dyed-in-the-wool Guild member likes to design his Christmas card around one of his own snapshots. However, many of us tend to put it off until the last moment—and, in the end, have to send out ordinary cards that are not at all individual. So my advice is—get busy now, and have your cards ready for early mailing.

No two photographic Christmas cards are alike. That is what makes them so personal, and there are thousands of ideas you can adapt. The picture is the important part, and a clever picture idea gives the card more appeal.

If your child has a set of building

blocks with big letters on them, try lining up the blocks so they spell "Merry Christmas." Then pose the child beside them, holding, perhaps, the last letter ready to place it in position—and you have a set-up for a story-telling picture.

Special pictures such as this lead to charming cards, well worth the little planning they require. However, a good group snapshot of the family at home is often preferred—and most albums contain such snapshots. A picture of the house—especially with snow on it—makes an attractive card, and you may have a suitable picture from last winter that can be used.

Run through the album, and see what you can find. Some of the pictures may give you ideas for new snapshots, especially suited to Christmas card use. The chief point is—decide early, for Christmas arrives almost before you know it.

John van Guilder

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## BETHEL AND VICINITY

T. F. Vail was in Lewiston Monday.

Mrs. A. M. Morrill has finished work at the Bethel Inn.

Ninety-one deer were tagged in town during the hunting season.

Mrs. Ina F. Viner of Washington, D. C., has been visiting her sister, Mrs. Frank Bartlett.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard Bigelow of Berlin were callers of Mrs. Grace Swan last Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. D. C. Conroy of Berlin were guests of Mrs. Grace Swan and son Merle Sunday.

Wilbert Bartlett of Houlton visited his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Bartlett, the first of the week.

Mrs. Richard Kirkpatrick of Warrenton, Va., was the week-end guest of her sister, Miss Catherine Seaton.

Miss Lené Brouette has finished work at Bethel Inn and has gone to Boston, where she will spend the winter.

William Wight of Hazardville, Conn., was the guest of his mother, Mrs. Lena Wight, from Thursday to Sunday.

Bert Grover is confined to his home by a severe cold and Glenn Smith is taking his place as night policeman.

A. S. Cummings of Auburn will be the speaker at the meeting of the Bethel Chamber of Commerce next Tuesday evening.

Mrs. Elmer Allen suffered an injury to her right ankle Monday night, when she fell as she was returning to her home from work.

High score was won by Elmer Bennett in the Men's Bridge Club Tuesday evening when they met at the home of Edward Hanscom.

Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Merrill returned to their home in Harrisville, R. I., Sunday after spending a few days with his father, Zenas Merrill.

Miss Lavina Smart and Miss Joyce Chapman returned Sunday after spending the holiday and week-end at Miss Smart's home in Dover-Foxcroft.

Mrs. Harold Lurvey received the first prize and Mrs. Harry Wilson the consolation when the Ladies' Contract Club was entertained by Mrs. Viola Lord Tuesday evening.

Friends of Harry Brooks of No. Weymouth, Mass., are sorry to learn that he had the misfortune to break his wrist and injure his back in an automobile accident last week.

Harold Rich and son James returned to Torrington, Conn., Sunday after spending several days in town. Elliott Rich accompanied them there, where he will spend the winter.

There will be a public whist party at the West Bethel Grange Hall Monday night, Dec. 5, at 8 o'clock, sponsored by the West Bethel Farm Bureau. Refreshments will be served.

Ray Crockett and sons, Richard and Clayton, with Lloyd Keniston of Dixfield and Albert Roy of Norway spent the week-end at Harlow, N. J., guests of Mr. and Mrs. Harlan Dennison.

Thirty-five were present at the Methodist Church Monday evening when Ladies' Night was observed by the Men's Brotherhood. After the 6:30 supper, games were played and music by the "Greenwood Mountaineers" were enjoyed.

Dr. and Mrs. F. E. Hanscom, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Hanscom and Mrs. Carroll Bailey were in Casco Monday to call on Dr. Hanscom's brother and wife, Mr. and Mrs. George Hanscom, who were celebrating their 50th wedding anniversary.

Six tables of whist were in play at the home of Mrs. Fred Wheeler Tuesday evening when she entertained for the benefit of the S. of U. V. Auxiliary. First prizes were won by Mrs. Clara Abbott and Ralph Burris; consolations by Mrs. Celia Gorman and Dwight Morrill.

The Boy Scouts held their regular meeting at the Legion Rooms Monday night. The meeting was opened in form, led by Clayton Sweett. Scoutmaster Williams questioned the Scouts of names of governmental officers. A game was played. The "Wolves" are leading in the Patrol Contest with 172½ and the "Panthers" with 155. The meeting was closed with the Scout Cheer.

## THANKSGIVING NOTES

Clarence Poole of Oxford spent the holiday recess at his home here.

Eugene C. Norton of South Eliot spent the holiday vacation at his home here.

Miss Ruby Knapp of Portland was the guest of her parents on Thanksgiving day.

Mrs. Floribel Nevens and son Lendall spent the holiday-vacation at her home in Poland.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Douglass entertained her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Walker of Harrison.

Mr. and Mrs. Norman Hall and family were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Gilbert at West Bethel.

Erland Wentzell of Bates College, Lewiston, was the guest of his parents during the holiday recess.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Carter were guests of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Ray Cotton, at Mechanic Falls. Mr. and Mrs. Custer Quimby were dinner guests of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Quimby at Gil-ead.

Mr. and Mrs. Irving Carver and family were guests of her father at Skowhegan on Thanksgiving day.

Norwood Waterhouse returned Sunday night after spending the holiday vacation with his parents in Poland.

Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Knight and son of Lebanon, N. H., were holiday guests of Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Bennett.

Mr. and Mrs. Syl LeClair and son Gilbert spent Thanksgiving with her mother, Mrs. Lura Day, at South Paris.

Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Philbrook of Schenectady, N. Y., were holiday guests of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. D. C. Philbrook.

Mr. and Mrs. Lauris Tyler of Newton Center, Mass., were holiday guests of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Tyler.

Paul and Robert Brown and Dana Drew from the University of Maine were holiday and week-end guests of Mr. and Mrs. S. H. Browne.

Mr. and Mrs. George Dresser of Norway, Mr. and Mrs. Glenn Mease of Bridgton were Thanksgiving guests of Mrs. Sadie J. Allen.

Mr. and Mrs. John Butts, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Cutler and son John were holiday guests of Mr. and Mrs. O. G. King at South Paris.

Mr. and Mrs. Leroy Hamlin entertained their son Stanley of Cambridge, Mass., and daughter Margaret of Portland, Thanksgiving day.

Dinner guests at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Erwin Hutchinson were Mr. and Mrs. James Heaward, son Harley, and friend of Chester-ville.

Sidney Howe and Buddy Clough spent the holiday and remainder of the week at Lake Umbagog, the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Winfield Howe.

Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Moore and son Robert were in Auburn Thanksgiving day, the guests of Mrs. Moore's sister, Mrs. Frank Burgess.

A family party of 15 enjoyed Thanksgiving dinner at the home of I. H. Wilson at Northwest Bethel. Those present were Rev. and Mrs. Elwin L. Wilson and two children of South Portland, Seldon Grover, Harry Churchill, Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Lapham, Mr. and Mrs. Evans Wilson and two children, Mr. and Mrs. I. H. Wilson and Miss Minnie Wilson.

Rodney Eames has gone to Somerville, Mass., to work for a while. Lovell Churchill of Mechanic Falls was a visitor in town one day last week.

Miss Frances Nelson of Portland spent the week-end with Miss Phyllis Hunt.

Mrs. Addie Farwell is visiting her daughter, Mrs. George Pillsbury, at Rangeley.

Ten tables were in play at the whist party held at the I. O. O. F. dining room Thursday evening. This was the second in the series sponsored by Sunset Rebekah Lodge. Mrs. Leroy Bennett and David Kirk received first prizes for the evening. Miss Margaret Gallant and Leroy Bennett received the consolation prizes. Mrs. Herbert Rowe is leading for the series with Mrs. Milton Pratt in second place.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis Van Den Kerckhoven and daughter Nancy were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Carlton Hallett at Augusta for Thanksgiving day.

Mr. and Mrs. Omer Drummond spent the holiday and week-end with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Rutherford Drummond, at Falmouth Foreside.

Miss Mary Sanborn of South Portland was the holiday and week-end guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. G. N. Sanborn.

Mrs. Dorothy Moore, daughter Barbara, and Mrs. Alice MacTague were dinner guests of Mrs. Moore's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Wilder Kimball, at Rumford Center.

Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Van Den Kerckhoven and two children spent the holiday with Mr. and Mrs. Belno Handy in Salem, Mass.

Mrs. Edith Grover and Mrs. Olive Wood entertained Mrs. Mary Robinson and Mr. and Mrs. Lyman Wheeler of Phillips and Miss Mary Wheeler of South Portland.

Mrs. Fannie B. Lovejoy and Miss Lucia Packard enjoyed the holiday and week-end in Augusta, the guests of Miss Packard's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Bertram Packard.

Stanley Allen of Bowdoin College enjoyed the holiday recess with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Allen. Mr. and Mrs. Allen accompanied him back to Brunswick Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Sidell and family and Dana Eames of Norridgewock were guests of Mr. Eames' mother, Mrs. J. B. Chapman, on Thanksgiving day.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Brown entertained a family party including Mr. and Mrs. Noel Smith of Northampton, Mass., Mr. and Mrs. Albert Brown and son Harold of Mexico.

Mrs. Abbie Bickford of Dover, N. H., Mr. and Mrs. Chester Bickford and daughter, Mary, of South Berwick returned to their homes Sunday after spending the holiday and remainder of the week with Mr. and Mrs. D. G. Brooks and family.

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A HOME NEWSPAPER  
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Carl L. Brown, BETHEL

# Rough Riders Conquer U. S. A.

Teddy Roosevelt had to have boatloads of Rough Riders to conquer Cuba. Now, forty years later, a handful of Cubans have conquered sports-loving Americans—with a fast and furious game. It looks like murder, but is lots of fun—for spectators. How it started, how it's played, are described . . . . .

in **TOWN** next week

\* \* \* \* \*  
\* BOXER REBELLION — An organization of \*  
\* pugilists opposed to Queensbury rules of boxing. \*  
\* Is this definition true or false? It's in the TOWN \*  
\* QUIZ . . . . . in TOWN next week. \*  
\* \* \* \* \*

## AUTO SPEEDS LEAVE DRIVER BEHIND

Two years of "rest" in the hospital, after a bad crack-up, didn't help Jerry when he tried to go back to driving in the races. Cars had been made faster, new records made. But Jerry found it hard to believe the other drivers who said that he was all washed up. That's the situation in "SPEED," by Servia Sweetzer, the complete story . . . . in TOWN next week.

## CHRISTMAS IS FOR PARTIES

And a few old newspapers are all you need for a hilarious party game—details on the Puzzle Page . . . . in TOWN next week. "Stand-up" parties are popular because they're so easy to plan. Suggestions by Elizabeth Boykin . . . . in TOWN next week.

THE CITIZEN

...all can benefit  
from this marvelous  
low priced Remington  
portable typewriter!



ONLY \$29<sup>75</sup>

INCLUDING  
CARRYING CASE



# LISTEN TO THIS

By TOM FIZDALE

According to those people who make a business of analyzing what the radio audience listens to each week, comedy is still supreme on the air-waves despite predictions of wisecracks who said that people were tired of comedians and that the cycle would swing to something else. The funny part of it is, people are not even choosy about the type of comedy they listen to—whether it is the sophisticated comedy of Jack Benny, the unsophisticated comedy of Fibber McGee or the mixture of the two that marks Eddie Cantor's show. Evidently, people still want to laugh and they'll turn to the program that not only lifts them from their mundane affairs but which will give them a chuckle as well. Even those shows with a variety of big stars rely upon Una Merkel, Charlie Ruggles, Charlie McCarthy or other comedy names for a lot of their punch.



Joan Blondell

Joan Blondell, lovely comedienne of the films, is being considered for a radio spot by a national sponsor. Whether or not she can add airwork to her already crowded film and home-making schedule is the problem that her acceptance of the new job depends on.

Music history will be made in New York on Christmas Night when Paul Whiteman, Dean of Modern Music, takes his world famous orchestra to Carnegie Hall for his first concert in those music-sacred precincts since 1933. American composers will hold the spotlight.

Ray Noble, British orchestra leader for Burns and Allen broadcast, bought one of Gracie's famous surrealist paintings sold for the benefit of needy Chinese children, but refuses to hang it in his living room. He says there is a limit to the sacrifices he will make even for needy babies.

Charlie Ruggles, whose mad antics enliven the Star Theatre broadcasts these Wednesday nights, has only one hobby—dogs. Charlie relates that he used to raise both dogs and turkeys, but the dogs ate up the lot. He gave up the turkeys.



Charlie Ruggles

You never know when a dime you send for a fan picture of a star will make him grateful for life. Bob Hope ran out of gas while driving home from his Tuesday night rehearsal this week. He didn't have a penny. Waiting for someone he knew to come along, he absent-mindedly started opening fan mail. Out fell a dime sent for a photo. It enabled him to phone his wife to send help—and he's eternally grateful to the fan.

Benny Goodman is being sponsored by the League of Music Lovers (a classical group) these days. Anyway they sponsored the concert he played with the famous Budapest String Quartet the fore part of this month and he's lined up for another concert with them in January. Oh, yes, he'll continue to direct his swing cats for a regular living in the meantime.

Jack Haley was walking down the street the other day on the way from his picture studio to his radio rehearsal. His director met him with a flattering remark. Haley blushed a deep crimson. "Gosh," remarked the director, "it's a good thing we aren't shooting your picture in technicolor. You'd be a terrific technical problem."

Someone asked Fibber McGee if he knew a certain actor with a phoney English accent. "Oh," cracked Fibber, "you mean the guy who always goes off half cockney?"

Coincident with the announcement of the change of time of the Star Theatre broadcasts (now heard at 9 p. m., EST, 8 p. m., CST, 7 p. m., MST, 6 p. m., PST, via CBS each Wednesday) came the formal appointment of John Barrymore as master of ceremonies for the star-studded vehicle, bringing the foremost member of America's Royal Family of the theatre to radio listeners regularly. Listeners can thank the exigencies of broadcasting from Hollywood for this good turn of fortune. Barrymore's radio appearance on the Star Theatre have not only proven him the most versatile of America's great actors, but the most entertaining master of ceremonies as well. No one, by tradition, background and ability, is better equipped to head the big name show.

John Barrymore. Discussing the origins of radio stations, Bill Perry, tenor star of Saturday Night Serenade, recalls that the station where he broke into radio—in his home town, Nashville—was owned by a man who bought it simply because he wanted to put his favorite church services on the air.

Elizabeth Love, currently heard on Big Sister with Alice Froot, was instrumental in starting Margaret Sullivan on her career. They were school mates down in Old Virginia and when Elizabeth made her professional stage bow in "Strictly Dishonorable," she got Margaret the job of understudying her.

Radio's latest contribution to the movies are Lulu Belle and Scotty, popular hill-billy singers, who have just completed their first Hollywood stint in Republic's "Harvest Moon." The biggest box-office draw in personal appearances ever to play the mid-west, Hollywood predicts big things for them. Incidentally, they may be headlining a new radio show built around the vivacious Lulu Belle before the year is out.



Lulu Belle

Frank Gill of Gill and Deming, writer-comics for the Joe E. Brown show, claims no home town. His parents, both show people, were so constantly on the move that he wasn't in school very long any one place. Despite that he was graduated from Wayne University with honors.

Did you ever wonder what happens to child radio stars? Here's one unusual answer. Frederick Franklin was the leading child radio star of England several years ago. Today he is a promising young dancer with the Greater Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo, now touring this country.

Now that two of the year's outstanding sustaining radio programs—Information Please and Orson Wells Mercury Theatre of the Air—have won sponsors, perhaps broadcasters will be able to develop some top-notch new features for us.

But few opera singers are heard on daytime programs. Harriet Brewer of the Chicago Civic Opera Company is an exception. She made her start in radio and continues to sing on Hymns of All Churches over NBC, in addition to her opera work this winter.

We remarked some time ago that television is still around the corner. Since then two of the country's biggest radio manufacturers have been disputing each other as to just what the status is. Insofar as the radio listeners in general are concerned, it still must be some time off. If the leaders of the industry can't agree on it.

**Why They Are Black Hills**  
The Black hills were named by the early French settlers, Cote Notre, meaning black hills, from the timber growing on the sides, giving a dark app arance to the land.

**How to Reopen Envelopes**  
If you have forgotten to inclose some article in your letter, you can reopen the envelope by laying a wet cloth over the flap and pressing with a warm iron.

## Milton

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Russell and family of New Bedford, Mass., called on his aunt, Mrs. Ella Bowker, Thanksgiving day, and spent the remainder of the week with his father, Alonzo Russell, at East Milton.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Millett had for Thanksgiving guests Mr. and Mrs. Harry Billings and family and Mr. and Mrs. Alpheus Coffin and family of Bryant Pond.

Mr. and Mrs. L. C. Hemingway and son Leo were dinner guests at William Dyer's Thanksgiving day.

Miss Clara Jackson and Mrs. Lillian Coffin spent Thanksgiving day with Mrs. Coffin's daughter, Mrs. Philip Clifford, and family at Rumford.

Hoyle Clifford of Rumford spent the week-end with his grandmother, Mrs. Lillian Coffin.

Miss Florence Burnham spent the week-end with her aunt in Portland.

Mr. and Mrs. L. A. Buck and family were dinner guests Thanksgiving day of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Jed Billings, at East Milton.

Mrs. Daisy Buck and sons, Urban and Harland, were guests Thanksgiving day at Charles Poland's.

Miss Clara Jackson spent the week-end in Portland with Miss Mildred Soule.

Mrs. Onelda Davis and family were dinner guests Thanksgiving day of her son, Owen Davis, at Locke Mills.

## North Woodstock

Harland Abbott of Farmington Normal School spent the holiday with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. George Abbott.

Bernard Cushman of University of Maine was a holiday guest of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. George Cushman.

Mrs. Arthur Coffin and children spent Thanksgiving day with her parents at Paris Hill.

Mr. and Mrs. John Brown and son, Mr. and Mrs. Hanno Cushman and daughter spent Thanksgiving day with Mr. and Mrs. Clinton Buck.

Mr. and Mrs. Durward Lang and son spent Thanksgiving with her parents at Greenwood.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Whitman of Norway were at their place here one afternoon last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Horman Cole and son Richard were at West Paris Sunday.

Stanley Barrett of South Woodstock has been spending several days with his grandmother, Mrs. Frank Coffin.

James Knight spent several days at East B Hill, Upton, recently.

Mr. and Mrs. Durward Lang and son spent Sunday with relatives at West Paris.

Everett Cole was at Bethel last week and had some teeth extracted.

## Middle Intervale

Mrs. T. F. Vall has been working at Maple Inn.

Mrs. Hettie McAllister was at Mrs. O. A. Buck's a few days last week.

John Winslow spent the week-end with his aunt, Arline Leighton, in Albany.

Victor Brooks spent Thanksgiving with his parents, Rev. and Mrs. D. S. Brooks.

Mr. and Mrs. Curtis Winslow took dinner with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. L. E. Winslow, Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Stevens spent Thanksgiving with Mrs. Stevens' folks in Albany.

Mr. and Mrs. Harold Stevens entertained Mr. and Mrs. L. C. Stevens, Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Swan and Lee Swan on Thanksgiving Day.

Mr. and Mrs. George Pillsbury and son spent a few days with Mrs. Pillsbury's sister, Mrs. Ernest Buck recently.

Mrs. O. A. Buck entertained Ernest Buck and family Thanksgiving Day.

Mr. and Mrs. Augustus Carter and son took Thanksgiving dinner with Mr. Carter's mother, Mrs. Fannie Carter.

Miss Edwards spent the holiday and week-end at her home in Poland.

Mr. and Mrs. Ambrose Brooks called at D. S. Brooks' Sunday night.

## West Paris

### Thanksgiving Notes

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Martin's guests were Mr. and Mrs. Arnold Eames and children of Newry.

Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Chase entertained his brother and wife, Mr. and Mrs. Maynard T. Chase.

Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Perham entertained a family party. Those present were Mr. and Mrs. Roy Perham and four children, Mr. and Mrs. Harold Perham and seven children, Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Perham and son, Frank, Mr. and Mrs. Ronald Perham and three children of Groveton, N. H.

Mr. and Mrs. E. D. Curtis had as holiday guests, Miss Ella Curtis, Mr. and Mrs. Davis Curtis and daughter Kathryn, Mr. and Mrs. Everett Blake and daughter, Nancy, of Berlin, N. H. Mr. and Mrs. Blake of North Paris.

Mr. and F. R. Penley entertained their sons and families, Mr. and Mrs. Edward L. Penley, Lewiston, Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Penley and son, Wayne.

Mr. and Mrs. John Ross entertained a large family party. Among them were Mr. and Mrs. L. S. Hadley and son, Mr. and Mrs. Ronald Ross and son, Stuart, Mr. and Mrs. Reginald Ross and daughter Irene, Miss Lydia Ross, Portland; Mr. and Mrs. L. L. Russell and son, Lee, South Paris; Mr. and Mrs. Fred Cummings of Vermont; and Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Ross of Connecticut.

The chicken pie supper at the Universalist church on last Wednesday evening was largely attended. The sale in the afternoon received good patronage, and Robert Needham of Arlington showed pictures and gave an interesting talk on Ferry Beach Park. Rev. Weston

## Perkins Valley, Woodstock

### Thanksgiving Notes

Leon Poland and family entertained Leon Poland Jr. and wife of South Woodstock and Wesley Poland of Hartford.

Mr. and Mrs. Abner Benson entertained Kenneth Benson and family.

Walter Appleby and family entertained Mr. and Mrs. John Ring Jr. of West Paris and Oliver Lawrence.

At the Silver homestead were all of Mrs. Arvilla Silver's children and their families which made a party of 25.

Maud Benson is at West Paris for a week caring for Mrs. Will Emery.

Mrs. Fred Tyler and Mrs. Harold Tyler called to see John Swett one day recently and found him somewhat improved in health.

Bernal Thurlow and family went to Pigeon Hill Saturday night to attend a birthday party given his mother, Mrs. Winnie Thurlow.

### Wedding Reception

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Swinton gave a reception Wednesday evening to their son, Earle and his bride, who were here for the holiday. It was a cold stormy night but a good crowd gathered to do homage to the young couple. They received many nice presents. The refreshments were ice cream and cake, candy, peanuts, and pop corn in abundance. Mrs. Flora Swinton, mother of the groom made the wedding cake. A fine evening was enjoyed, the crowd leaving at a late hour wishing the bride and groom a happy wedded life.

A. Cate of Auburn also spoke briefly on the merits of the Religious Institute.

## For the Practical Person

With a Sentimental Side . . .

We're ready for Christmas, and you—with the greatest variety of electrical gifts ever! May we remind you an early selection always gives you the best choice.

Once again we extend a most cordial invitation to you to make this store your headquarters during the holiday shopping season. Come in and rest when weary from shopping . . . meet your friends here . . . look around to your heart's content.

We are glad to have you!

If we can be of service in helping you with your gift selections . . . wrapping and mailing Christmas packages, we welcome the opportunity to be of service.

Whether or not you buy we appreciate your call any time.

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## Milk Loco Philosoph

By MYRA E. WIN  
McClure Newspaper  
Wire Service

"HELLO, Milt," says the taker, dropping into the sugar barrel of the counter. His firm, blundered in the top of the barrel. "What's on that makes you look a little pup? Thought you on your vacation."

Milt Bramwell nodded. "I never let myself much from a vacation ed. 'I can always find time just stayin' around tin' the kids do the goin' fishin' every day. That way, comin' home supper every night, a good deal out of it." "The maximum of e the minimum effort, s

## SHORT STORIES

Complete in Th

the judge, would say Whiz dryly. His thou Milt's thin, tired, bu daily put across a r that would tax many Mis' Bramwell take too?"

"That's jest it," sa says it's no more than and the children shou iday, too. There's no women. She wants to

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The Oil Burner economy, with sel it. Let us quote Ins

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Number Y.

'MICKI

HEY T STUFF GRAND DEAD





## Milt Learns Philosophy

By MYRA E. WINGATE  
© McClure Newspaper Syndicate.  
W. H. Service.

"HELLO, Milt," says Whiz Whitaker, dropping the scoop into the sugar barrel and placing the paper bag of sugar on the counter. His firm, blunt fingers folded in the top of the bag with swift precision. "What's on your mind that makes you look sadder'n a setter pup? Thought you were goin' on your vacation."

Milt Bramwell nodded dolorously. "I never let myself expect too much from a vacation," he confessed. "I can always have a better time just stayin' around home, lettin' the kids do the chores, and goin' fishin' every day for a week. That way, comin' home to a good supper every night, a man gets a good deal out of it."

"The maximum of enjoyment for the minimum effort, as our friend,

## SHORT STORY

Complete in This Issue

the judge, would say," remarked Whiz dryly. His thought shifted to Milt's thin, tired, busy wife, who daily put across a round of work that would tax many a man. "Does Milt's Bramwell take a week off, too?"

"That's jest it," said Milt. "She says it's no more than fair that she and the children should have a holiday, too. There's no accountin' for women. She wants to go down East,

visitin' her brother's folks. Jim Hartley's her brother. And so I s'pose we'll go. 'Tain't bad fishin' country, and her folks have got a fine farm, and a slyver. Might be a chance, but I ain't anticipatin' much."

"Like the rest of us Yankees, you hope for the best while expectin' the worst," said Whiz, pushing the bag of sugar across the counter to young Clayt Andrews.

As Milt wandered out, Clayt commented laughingly:

"Mis' Bramwell must have done some talkin'. Seldom that Milt allows anyone to interfere with his personal enjoyment. He's a very consistent citizen."

"They do say," said Whiz absently. "that bakin' a pitch knot in a pot of beans gives it the same flavor all the way through."

"Meanin' that Milt's passion for ease 'kind of colors his whole life, like a red stockin' in a tub of white clothes," grinned Clayt. "I know Jim Hartley. Good fellow. Wish someone would put a flea in his ear."

"Sho, now," said the storekeeper gravely. "That ought to be easy. I've heard tell the sand fleas are mighty thick on the shores of those ponds over to the Falls."

Followed two weeks of the best fishing weather, when the men who gathered at the store to do the family buying, get the mail, and, incidentally, to exchange yarns and bits of news, speculated much as

to Milt's enjoyment of the family vacation. Yet, when Milt reappeared in their midst, he was greeted casually.

"Kind of vacation did you have, Milt? You look as if your constitution was consid'able undermined."

"Well, sir, it's a relief to git home," said Milt, instantly responsive. "First off, looked as if I might git a pretty good time, fishin', while the women was visitin'."

"The first day I started out with plenty of lunch in my basket. My wife's brother, he was too busy to go with me, but he directed me where to go—drawed me a little map—ah! I had a good day's fishin'. Great sport. Next day he let me have the car, and I went further. All that week was pretty good. Best vacation there is—comin' home to a good supper after a good day's sport. But when I got home that first Sat'day night, I found Jim had dropped a rock on his foot while he was mendin' the stone wall. Rest of the time I spent hangin' round the house doin' chores—milkin', choppin' wood, and such like. Wife said 'twas no more than right—never knew her to talk so much. It was a long week. He was still pretty lame when I left. I didn't tumble even when he said 'Good-by, Milt, I've enjoyed your vacation a lot.' But jest as we topped a little rise a short piece from the house, I heard someone clinkin' the milk pails. I looked back and see Jim walk across the yard sly as a cat."

"What you need, Milt," said Whiz, to learn to be a philosopher."

"Expect so," said Milt, ambling out.

"Been over to the Falls lately, Clayt?" inquired Whiz, fixing young Andrews with a keen, blue eye.

"Why?" inquired the boy, innocently. "I was there last Sat'day."

"Heard there was a scarcity of sand fleas on the lake shore since then," returned Whiz gravely.

Clayt turned scarlet and met the older man's look a trifle sheepishly.

"It only took one to do the trick," he admitted. "But he was a real lively and accommodatin' flea, and took a sight of satisfaction in his work."

Albany—Valley Road

George Judkins, of Norway, spent Thanksgiving with George Logan.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Bumpus, and daughter Madeline, were at the Cummings farm Monday.

Arthur Haselton has employment

on the "Cal Cummings bridge" job, with the Bumpus loader.

Mrs. Warren Lapham and Miss Myrtle Lapham were Sunday callers at Mrs. Carrie Logan's.

Mr. and Mrs. Harlan Bumpus and family, Allen and Wallace Cummings spent Thanksgiving with Mr. and Mrs. Harry Bumpus and family of Auburn.

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6 GALLONS OF  
BLUE SUNOCO

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Encyclopedia Britannica

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The New Miracle-Tuft—sealed in glass, made with Dupont Exton Bristles.

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35c

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Sam Iger



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**FOR SALE**—One pair boy's shoe skates. Size 7. New last winter. Price \$2. DANA ENMAN, Bethel, 48p

**FOR SALE**—Men's Home Kilt Stockings, pair \$1.00; Men's Mittens, pair 50c; Children's Mittens, pair 35c; Pillows, 50c, 75c, \$1.00. MRS. MARION SPINNEY. Tel. 104-15. 48tf

**FOR SALE**—Small up-to-date piano, slightly used. Very reasonable. Cash or terms. H. L. WHITE, Piano Tuner, 7 Western View St., Auburn. 48p

**FOR SALE**—Lynn Oil Heater and Heatrola, also Universal Electric Stove. RAY YORK, Bethel, 48p

### MISCELLANEOUS

**WHEN YOU WANT YOUR PIG** Dressed call CHARLES SPRAGUE. Phone 111-21. 48

**LOST**—Boy's Red and Black Mackinaw between the residence of P. S. Sayles and Locke Mills. Finder please leave at the CITIZEN OFFICE. 48p

**Firearms, Ammunition, and Trappers' Supplies**, bought, sold, and exchanged by H. I. BEAN, Bethel, Maine, Dealer in Raw Furs, Deer Skins, Hides and Pelts. 2tf

### Fort Henry's Gun Story

**Has Been Proved Untrue**  
What once was a good story to tell to visitors in Kingston, Ont., was definitely scotched by the hand of research.

A legend once circulated that the guns of old Fort Henry, built in 1837, point toward their native Canada instead of toward Lake Ontario and the enemy all because of a mistake. This slip-up, so the story went, was made by an English engineer who sent the plans of the fort at Kingston, Jamaica, to Kingston, Ontario, and vice versa. Hence when the fort was built according to plan, the guns were found to have turned traitor, states a writer in the Boston Globe.

Restoration of the fort, while adding to the interest of the landmark, completely destroyed this fiction. Researchers announced that the guns faced inward, not through any error, but because they were placed in reverse fire chambers to rake attackers caught in the inner moat. This type of defense is the only one of its kind in America, but its value was never tested. Fort Henry, like the \$100,000 citadel beside the Chateau Frontenac in Quebec, 570 miles away, was never used because of the lasting peace between the United States and Canada.

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DONALD S. BROWN, Bethel  
Leave films at Citizen Office

**DRY SLABS \$1.50** per Cord

**DRY Handed EDGINGS \$1.00** Cord

Will deliver near village for \$1.00 per cord extra or will saw and deliver for \$2.00 per cord.

P. H. OHADOURNE & CO.  
PHONE 120

### East Stoneham

Mr. and Mrs. John Files entertained for Thanksgiving their five children, Doris, Donald, John Jr., Frances and Eleanor, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Wight and Barbara of Gilead, Mr. and Mrs. Max Dionne and Mrs. Ann Files.

Mr. and Mrs. S. W. Johnson entertained for Thanksgiving Mr. and Mrs. Willis Warren and Wilma, Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Richardson and son Kenneth and Mr. and Mrs. Roy Johnson and son Richard of Avon, Mass.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Files and daughter Jean of St. Johnsbury, Vt., spent the week-end with Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Files, returning home Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Bartlett entertained her brother and wife, Mr. and Mrs. Cedric Foss of Pittsfield, N. H., over the week-end.

Rodney Grover was at home for the Thanksgiving recess.

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Dadmun and three children were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Grover at Oxford Thanksgiving.

Mr. and Mrs. Harlan Littlefield and two children of Auburn have been visiting his father, V. H. Littlefield, and aunt, Minnie Littlefield, at East Stoneham for the past week.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Andrews entertained for Thanksgiving Nelo Andrews and daughter Bessie of Bridgton and Mr. and Mrs. Walton Andrews of North Lovell.

Mr. and Mrs. Curtis Blackford entertained for Thanksgiving Mrs. Josie Taylor and Mrs. Blanche McKean.

Donald Files started Saturday for St. Petersburg, Fla. Carlton Barker brought home a nice deer Saturday.

### EVER-READY 4-H CLUB

The Ever-ready 4-H Club of Hanover held a meeting at the home of its leader, Mrs. Una Stearns, on Nov. 26. The roll call was answered by a suggestion from each member for the coming year of work. The following suggestions were given: whilst parties for the purpose of increasing the club's treasury, a Christmas party, a health contest, a first-aid meeting, and a meeting at which the girls could portray their cooking ability.

The members are going to make Christmas presents for the family at the next meeting.

After the meeting was adjourned, the members had apples and played "Pin the Donkey's Tail." A good time enjoyed by all.

### West Bethel

Mrs. Archie Hutchinson is visiting her sister, Mrs. Warren Martin, in Harrison.

Fred McKenzie got a nice deer Thanksgiving day.

Allen McKenzie was at home over Thanksgiving day.

Leland Mills had Thanksgiving dinner with Leonard Kimball and family in Albany.

Mrs. Maud O'Riley was the dinner guest of Mr. and Mrs. G. D. Morrill Thanksgiving day.

Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Phenev of Lewiston were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Roland Kneeland and family Thanksgiving.

Shurwin Bennett is going to St. Petersburg, Fla., for the winter.

Edward and O'Neil Robertson, who were at their home in Bethel over the holiday, visited their aunt, Mrs. Estella Goodridge.

Russell Burris has finished his studies at Concord and is at home. Miss Eleanor Buck spent the holiday with her parents in Rumford.

Mr. and Mrs. Loton Hutchinson were in East Bethel over the week-end.

Miss Esther Mason was home from Norway over Thanksgiving.

Miss Ethel Jodrey of Portland and Miss Mary Jodrey of Bethel were dinner guests of Mr. and Mrs. Austin Jodrey Thanksgiving.

Thanksgiving dinner was served at the home of Will Bennett to the following: Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Bennett, Orman Bennett, Fryeburg; Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Cushing and sons, Ronald and Robert, Hebron; Mr. and Mrs. William Largey, Shurwin Bennett, Whitefield, N. H.; Mr. and Mrs. Eddie Cross and family, Bethel; and Mr. and Mrs. Douglass Cushing, who had not eaten Thanksgiving dinner away from their own home for 40 years.

Printing in China 50 B. C.

Printing is traced to China, where as early as 50 B. C. the Chinese had originated a method of printing with ink on paper by means of engraved blocks. The question of who was the first to employ movable printing types has long been a matter of controversy. Laurens Jouszoon, a Dutchman, is said to have invented a wooden type about 1420 and movable metal type between 1440 and 1448. However, it is to John Gutenberg, of Mainz, Germany, that is attributed the credit of being the inventor or at least responsible for the great improvement in the production of movable types and for the craftsmanship displayed in printing his celebrated Bible in 1455.

## CHURCH ACTIVITIES

Sunday, December 4th

### CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH

Rev. Herbert T. Wallace, Minister

9:30 a. m. Sunday School.  
11:00 a. m. Morning worship. Sermon subject, "The Knowledge of Good and Evil."

6:30 p. m. Pilgrim Fellowship.  
REMEMBER the Ladies' Club Annual Christmas Sale and Supper Thursday, Dec. 8th. A good place to buy your Christmas gifts. Patronize the Junior Guild's Corner Store. All our people and their friends are invited to both sale and supper.

### METHODIST CHURCH

Rev. M. A. Gordon, Pastor

9:45 Church School. Arthur Gray, superintendent.

11:00 Sunday Morning Worship. Anthem by Choir. John Anderson, leader. Mrs. Mildred Lyon, organist. Subject of sermon, "The River of Life."

6:30 Epworth League

7:30 Evening Service. Community Night. Short speeches from each of the following organizations of the town: Community, Church, Academy, Schools, Chamber of Commerce, Library, American Legion, Masons, Odd Fellows, Eastern Star, Rebekahs, Sons of Veterans, Boy Scouts, Girl Scouts, Grange, Band, and Lions Club. Also hymns, instrumental music, anthem by choir, solos, quartets. Some of the forces for good in your community.

### CHRISTIAN SCIENCE SOCIETY

Sunday School at 10 o'clock.

Services Sunday morning at 10:45. "God the Only Cause and Creator" is the subject of the Lesson-Sermon that will be read in all

churches of Christ, Scientist, on Sunday, Dec. 4.

The Golden Text is: "I am the Lord, your Holy One, the creator of Israel, your King" (Isaiah 43: 15).

The citations from the Bible contain the following passages: "O the depth of the riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of God! how unsearchable are his judgments, and his ways past finding out! For of him, and through him, and to him, are all things, to whom be glory for ever" (Romans 11: 33, 36).

The Lesson-Sermon also includes selections from the Christian Science Textbook, "Science and Health with Key to the Scriptures" by Mary Baker Eddy.

Testimonial meetings at 7:30 p. m. on the second Wednesday of each month until May.

### BIRTHS

In Berlin, N. H., Nov. 28, to the wife of Wilbur Myers of Bethel, a daughter.

### DEATHS

In Rumford, Nov. 29, Arthur A. Chamberlin of West Paris, aged 57 years.

In North Woodstock, Nov. 30, Cullen Abbott, aged 78 years.

Shipments of Maine potatoes this season are currently about 6,000 cars behind those of corresponding dates last year.

**DON'T FORGET THE**  
Ladies' Club Christmas Sale  
AT GARLAND CHAPEL DEC. 8  
Fancy Articles, Aprons, Christmas Wreaths & Decorations, etc.  
**SUPPER 6:30 Price 25c**  
Hot Dishes, Rolls, Salads, etc.

## WELDING

I have a New Portable Electric Welding Machine and am prepared to go anywhere at any time on Repair Work.

**WARREN BLAKE**  
BETHEL

## FOR GREATER SAFETY-COMFORT ECONOMY

Have your car "winterized" by experienced conscientious workmen for utmost economy and satisfaction. We can satisfy you.

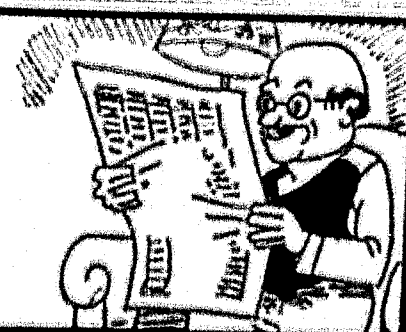
## ROBERTSON SERVICE STATION

RAILROAD STREET

BETHEL

THE PRESENT  
That Lasts A Year

A SUBSCRIPTION TO  
The Home Newspaper



## ODEON HALL, Bethel

Adults 25c—Children 50c

Show begins at 8:10 P. M.

Friday-Saturday, Dec. 2-3

*Love... turbulent as the times... glorious as the music that inspired it!*

**Irving Berlin's ALEXANDER'S RAGTIME BAND**  
An American Cavalcade

TYRONE ALICE DON  
POWER FAYE AMECHE

ETHEL MERMAN JACK HALEY  
JOHN HERSHOLT HELEN WESTLEY  
JOHN CARRADINE PAUL HURST  
WALLY VERNON RUTH TERRY  
DOUGLAS FOWLEY EDDIE COLLINS  
CHUCK CHANDLER

**News-Comedy**

A 20th Century-Fox Picture

Coming—I AM THE LAW

PICTURES EVERY FRIDAY AND SATURDAY NIGHT



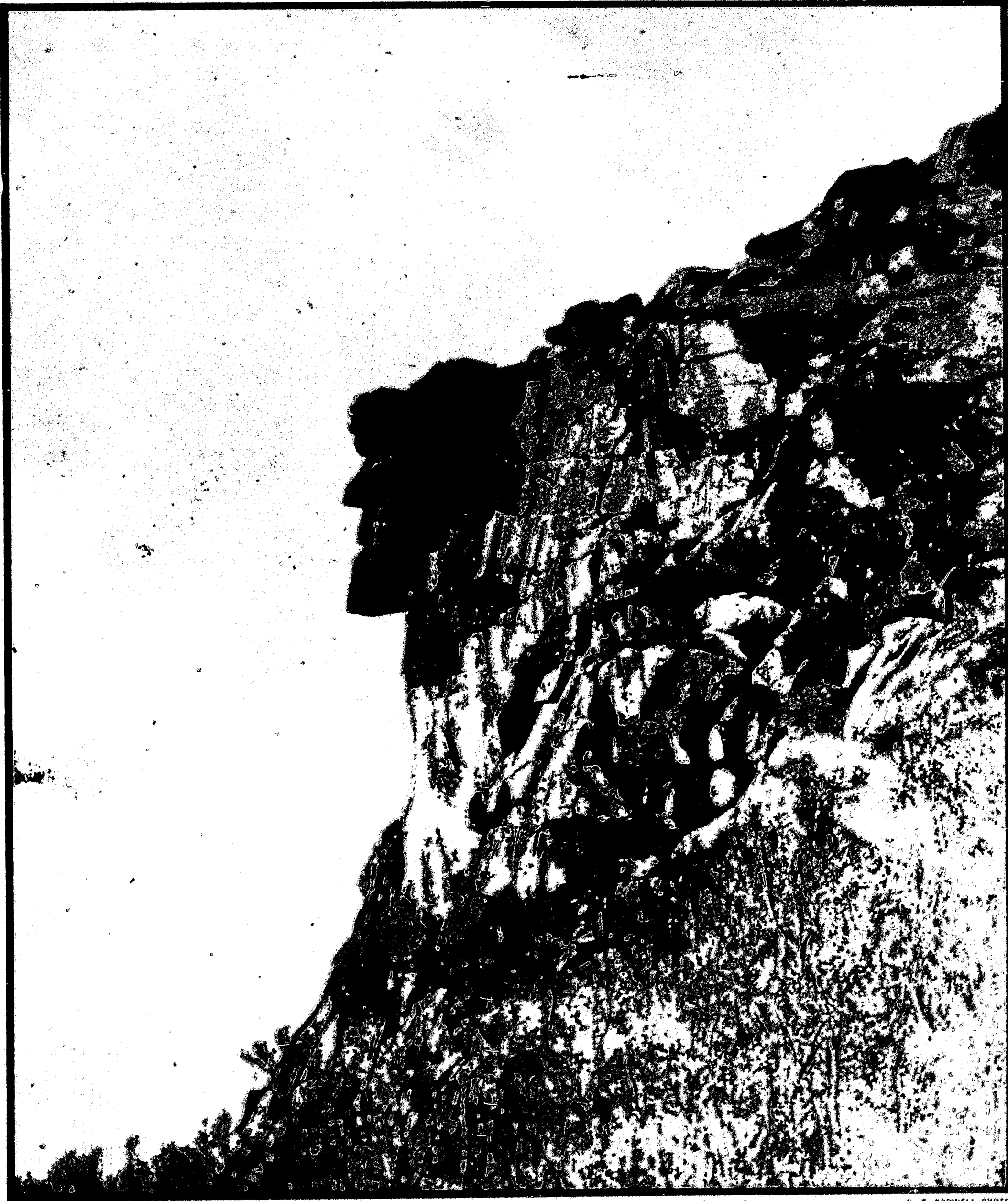
# TOWN

WEEKLY MAGAZINE SECTION

REGISTERED UNITED STATES PATENT OFFICE

BETHEL  
Oxford County  
CITIZEN Bethel, Maine

Thursday, December 8, 1938



THE OLD MAN OF THE MOUNTAINS, In Franconia Notch, Near Lisbon and Whitefield, New Hampshire

G. T. BODWELL PHOTO

## SPEED *by* SERVIA SWEETZER



He tried to summon a careless nonchalance. He'd shown 'em all right! But there was pity instead of admiration in the glances of the other drivers.



Illustrated  
by  
SKRENDA

# SPEED

"HI THERE, MURPHY!" Jerry Murphy turned his big gaunt person about, grinned shakily, and flung up a thin hand in greeting. "How are ya, Andy?" he cried. "That's Andy—Andy Cooper," he explained to the sweet-faced girl in the roadster beside him. "Gee, it's great to be back again, Marion," as she slowed to a stop. But in spite of his words Jerry's deep, gentle voice lacked its old-time fervor, and his thin legs, not yet steady after two long years spent in an Oakland hospital, shook as he climbed stiffly out of the car.

Ever since the day, long since past, when Jerry Murphy had been a ragged little fellow selling programs in the speedway grandstand for the price of admission, he had worshipped at the shrine of that thrilling devil-god, Speed. And Jerry had come very near to giving up his own life on the speed god's altar only two years before. More than this; he had seen many of his pals—good pals—sacrificed under piles of red hot junk that moments before had been sleek and beautiful racing cars.

During those long months of agony in that hospital bed, he had determined never to look upon another speedway again. He'd had a crazy notion that it would be fun to buy a small garage out in the country somewhere and come home at night to a homey little bungalow, and Marion. Marion was sold on the idea, too.

"Oh, let's do it, Jerry," she had begged, "and not race any more! You promised not to!"

Jerry had sighed. "Garages do cost money, honey." He hadn't expected his hospital expenses and doctor bills to take quite all of his savings. He'd looked for some other kind of work too, but there was none to be had. He'd have to stage

a come-back. There was no other way. "We'll find some other way," Marion had cried. "I'll open a beauty parlor. I'll do anything, Jerry."

A ROUSING CHEER from the pits across the smooth oiled track reached Jerry.

"Hi, Murphy! Come over, kid!" Jerry's heart leapt to that greeting in spite of his dread. "Go up and sit with Bill Lind's wife, will you, honey?" he whispered excitedly to Marion.

"Yes, but Jerry—"

"I won't race. That is, not today."

Old Dad Howitzer wrung Jerry's hands; his faded old eyes blurred with tears, and the fellows descended riotously upon him. Jerry Murphy, deeply touched, warmed to their welcome and told himself that it was good to be back. All he needed was to get hardened to the racket again and to show the backers that he still had what it takes.

Over in the grandstand someone yelled as a red car shot past.

"That's Ernie Tiernan," someone informed him. "He's got your old pit, Jerry, and he's a comer."

"Doggone it!" Wild Bill Lind ejaculated. "He's goin' to beat my time. I did it in thirty-four minutes, forty-five seconds."

"You—what?" gasped Jerry.

Bill laughed indulgently. "That's right. Cars have speeded up since your day, my boy. Watch Babe Miller take that curve. Babe's doing a hundred right now. He's racing Tiernan."

"Gee! And he was just beginning when—" Jerry gulped—"when I cracked—"

There was a sudden dusty blur, a ripping, tearing sound, an agonized cry flung into the air. The white racing car had shot high into the blue and, like a juggler's tiny toy, had turned a complete cartwheel and flashed out of sight.

They were off on the run, the thirty or more of them, across the now deserted track. No one noticed that Jerry Murphy alone did not move. He leaned, shivering, against the pit railing, fighting against a terrible, overwhelming nausea.

THE FELLOWS were straggling back, muttering sympathy and shaking their heads mournfully over Babe.

Two years in the hospital after a bad crack-up didn't help Jerry when he tried to go back to driving in the races. The cars had been made faster, new records had been set, and the drivers said that Jerry was all washed up—but in a tight spot Jerry earned a different kind of reward that was well worth all the records ever made

"He had a darn good chance for tomorrow's big money, too," Wilbur Steele was saying, his voice hoarse with feeling.

Jerry Murphy wet his dry, parched lips. "Say, was he badly—"

"Yep. Babe's done for, I'm afraid." Bill Lind lit a cigaret with big hands that shook. "His skull is crushed, they say."

Done for! An icy finger trickled along Jerry's spine. Poor Babe! He'd probably put his savings of years into that beautiful new white car, too.

"Say, Babe's got a family," Fred Ramor came plodding up. "He's the entire support of seven kid sisters and brothers. Old Howitzer told me."

"That's tough. We oughtta take up a purse," someone suggested.

And then they forgot poor Babe and his sad little family, as Wild Bill Lind climbed into his shining new blue demon for another try-out.

"Gosh," Jerry said to himself, "that boy can drive!" He and Bill had been old-time rivals. And in spite of his apathy over Babe Miller, something of the old thrill of the game shot through him. Gee, wouldn't it be swell—maybe if he'd get in a car—

"That's a bad turn," a young driver interrupted his thoughts. "They oughtta fix it, but they say they can't. Not enough money. Eight cars 've gone over that bank though. It gives me the jitters. And now Babe—"

"They can hardly pay the drivers, y' know," reminded a pitman.

"So we have to be killed," whined the youngster.

"Tiernan and Babe both beat Bill's time," someone remarked. "But it looks as if Bill's goin' to beat Tiernan's time and get first position for the big race tomorrow."

"That's what he's trying to do," Jerry agreed, trembling with excitement. And curiously enough, he found himself envying Bill. Bill would be the big shot tomorrow. He'd been the big shot—once. He'd like a chance to show Bill Lind and that yelling mob out there what he could do! New speed records! Faster cars... Boloney!

BILL GRINNED through his black mask of grime and road oil as Jerry went up to him. "Like to take 'er round a few times, Jerry?" he asked.

All the blood seemed to drain from Jerry's heart. "Sure." He managed a wan grin. "You bet!"

But his fingers were chill as he gripped the wheel of the Bluebird, and the roar of the motor seemed scarcely louder than the roar in Jerry Murphy's own heart. He was off! Aw, what the heck! He'd show 'em! He flung a cocky arm aloft as he passed Bill's pit.

He tried to summon a careless nonchalance of manner as he slowed down at last outside the pit. He guessed he'd

shown 'em, all right instead of admiration upon him. Jerry's der—

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"Then why in make 'er go?" Bill

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shown 'em, all right. But there was pity instead of admiration in the glances bent upon him. Jerry stared. What in thunder—

"She sure can go, Bill," he stammered. Grins everywhere. What did it mean? "Then why in Sam Hill didn't you make 'er go?" Bill asked gently. "Because I asked him particularly not to," remarked a crisp young voice, and Marion, appearing out of nowhere, linked her tiny gloved hand possessively within the circle of poor Jerry's arm.

Suddenly he knew. He hadn't shown them at all. He'd only succeeded in making a spectacle of himself.

He stared disconsolately ahead of him

happened to Babe, their big brother. "Bill, you wait here," Jerry said at last gently. "I'm going up and find out all about Babe."

He dashed up to the second floor. "Who's in charge of Mr. Miller?" he enquired of the haughty nurse at the desk. She consulted a chart.

"The house physician, Doctor Gattlin—"

"I thought so," Jerry interrupted crisply. "Mr. Miller's in a ward?" And at her frowning nod, "I want him removed to the room with the pink rosebuds in the border—the sunny room that was fixed up for that millionaire's daughter. Is it vacant?" She nodded in surprise.

## by SERVIA SWEETZER

as Marion drove out of the dusty grounds. He was sick to the very depths. When at last he could trust himself to speak again, he said aloud, "Guess I'll drop off at the Merritt hospital, Mudge. I'd kind of like to see Babe Miller."

Marion's voice was very gentle as she replied, "Okay, Jerry, dear."

"SORRY, MR. MURPHY," the crisply starched nurse informed Jerry, "no visitors for Mr. Miller. Doctor's orders. He must be kept strictly quiet."

Jerry lit a cigaret with fingers that trembled. He didn't seem to be needed anywhere. And he knew so well what poor Babe was going through! Facing death up there, all alone . . . Sounds of sniveling over by the window. Jerry turned. A thin, curly-headed boy stood with his back to him.

"Anything I can do, son?" Jerry questioned gently. The boy wheeled, and Babe Miller's own blue eyes, it seemed, stared tragically up at him.

"I guess not," he stammered, "my brother's dyin'."

"Babe Miller your brother?" The boy nodded.

"I don't believe he's dying, sonny," Jerry lied. "Are you the next oldest to Babe?"

"Yes, sir. There's quite a raft of us." The boy's face worked. He turned his back swiftly.

"Aw here! Babe wouldn't want you to cry," Jerry passed an arm around the frail shoulders, and little by little Bill (that was his name) sobbed out his story. Three of them had newspaper routes, and they'd all scrimped and pinched for five years to help buy the shining new Silver Terror that was all wrecked now—even their tired little mother who cleaned office buildings and did washings. Not that the car mattered. But gee, Mister! They didn't quite see how they could get along at all—fright showing in the blue eyes—if, if anything

"I happen to know there is one. I was in it once." He hurried on, ignoring her look of growing astonishment. "And I want the best specialist in Oakland to examine Mr. Miller at once."

"I'm sorry. Dr. Sperry's just finished a big major operation—"

"Which room?"

"The first to your left. But you can't possibly—"

But Jerry was already in the forbidden room. A short, stocky man was being helped out of a white surgeon's apron. "Doctor Sperry?" enquired Jerry, and at the other's surly nod, "I'm Jerry Murphy." He told the great surgeon all about Babe. "He may die," he added.

"Where is he?" interrupted the great surgeon kindly.

Five minutes later Jerry Murphy was on the telephone talking to Babe Miller's mechanic at a San Leandro garage. He learned, as sometimes miraculously happens, that the Silver Terror had not been seriously damaged.

"Good," snapped Jerry. "Then I'll call for the car."

He waited with bated breath outside the sunny corner room with the pink rosebuds. After an agonizing suspense the door opened.

"Doctor—!" demanded Jerry. "Will he live?"

"He's got a fifty-fifty chance. We'll need special nurses—"

"Get fifty if necessary," cried an elated Jerry, and fairly tumbled downstairs to the reception room where a nervous, freckled-faced boy waited.

OLD DAD HOWITZER couldn't believe his eyes when Jerry drove through the gates of the speedway at sundown in Babe Miller's Silver Terror.

"Say, y' ain't goin' t' race it tomorrow, are yuh, Jerry?"

"That's just what I am, Dad!" Jerry grinned. "Stick around and time me, will you?"

### TOWN COVER:

## OLD MAN of the MOUNTAINS In Franconia Notch NEW HAMPSHIRE

The Old Man of the Mountains, notable scenic feature of New Hampshire, in Franconia Notch, is said to have been first seen by white men in 1805. This remarkable semblance in stone of the human face is formed by ledges on the upper cliffs of Profile Mountain, 1200 feet above the sparkling waters of Profile Lake.

The Old Man of the Mountains is in a section that affords many thrills for nature-lovers. The Franconia Notch Reservation, a wild and rugged forest domain of 6000 acres, extends for eight miles along the Daniel Webster Highway. It was purchased jointly by the State of New Hampshire and the Society for the Protection of New Hampshire Forests in order to preserve the beauty of the tract for all time.

Beautiful lakes, streams, gorges, bridle paths, ski and snowshoe trails, and free camp and picnic grounds make this section a haven for nature-lovers through every season of the year.

"Sure, I'll time yuh, Jerry," grumbled the old man, and muttered to himself; "they don't never know when they're through, the darn fools!"

Jerry's heart raced faster than his motor as he picked up speed with every half lap of the dirt track. He must outdo Bill Lind's winning time. He must! And finally he did. Dad, holding his battered nickel watch in a shaking withered palm, waved a triumphant arm aloft. Jerry's time, he told him breathlessly, was the better by two seconds.

He was out on the speedway long before the other racers next morning. Young Bill Miller accompanied him. When he reached his boarding-house later, Marion was waiting for him—a new, bristling sort of person, he saw that at a glance; and her voice as she greeted him fairly dripped icicles. She knew then!

"Hello there, honey," Jerry closed the living room door behind them. "Now listen, Marion," he began,

"Listen, my eye!" Her brown eyes flashed sparks. "You listen to me, Jerry Murphy! I nursed you for two long years in that miserable old hospital!" Tears, angry tears, trembled on the long lashes. "If you race today I'm through! Through, I tell you!" She dabbed at the tears, choked. Then she whirled on ridiculously

high spiked heels, and the door slammed with a vengeance behind her.

These women! Jerry Murphy said disgustedly to himself, and dragged wearily up to his third floor rear. What did she think he was to do, anyway? There weren't any jobs going begging these days, heaven knew! Then suddenly Jerry Murphy cried like a baby.

"HERE'S JERRY MURPHY, folks, in Pit Number Three," the announcer's voice roared through the megaphone. "Let's give him a hand!"

Jerry grinned a warm if shaky response to the crowd's greeting, but his heart seemed to be cramming itself up into his throat, and the palms of his hands gripping the wheel of the Silver Terror were moist as he slid into first position in front of the judges' stand. Bill Lind, just behind, on his right, flashed him a cocksure grin as he glanced back. They were off around the track, lining up. And then the green flag!

They were off! Off to the finish—the mob of them. Racing with Death, Jerry Murphy thought crazily. He seemed to see poor Babe Miller hurtling into the air, splattering blood . . . Aw, what the deuce! Better get his mind on the race.

Continued On Page 11

## TOWN QUIZ: STIMULATING MENTAL CONTEST FOR ALL THE FAMILY

CREDIT yourself with 1 point for each question answered correctly. 10 is average, 12 good, 15 or more excellent. Correct answers are on page 6.

1—Athen, Porthos, Aramis—names that should take you to the land of adventure. Who were they?

2—Very often we hear some author or speaker accused of being an iconoclast. That means he . . .

(a) Worships pagan gods.  
(b) Sacrifices his principles and ideals to money-making.  
(c) He has lost reverence for traditional beliefs.

3—Suppose you had a friend who was a kleptomaniac. You would try to prevent him from . . .

Killing            lying  
screaming        stealing

4—The longest river in the United States is the . . .

Mississippi       Hudson  
Missouri           Columbia

5—With which of our presidents do you associate the name of Colonel E. M. House?

Washington       Grant  
Wilson            Hoover

6—You wouldn't like it if someone said you were a worshipper of Mammon, because that would mean you were . . .

lazy               conceited  
money-mad        cruel

7—The mumble-jumble man met many new people on his recent trip. He has four new men friends whose first names are:

MRIEORTM       CEAAWLL  
LMEAHIC          ODLNDA

8—If one of the following is your pet superstition, then you know what happens if:

(a) You marry on Saturday.  
(b) The groundhog sees his shadow.  
(c) You spill salt.

9—Match the names of the composers with the operas for which they are famous:

Hansel and Gretel       Leoncavallo  
Il Pagliacci            Verdi  
Jewels of the Madonna   Humperdink  
Rigoletto               Wolf-Ferrari

10—A misanthrope is best described as . . .

(a) A careless, inefficient person.  
(b) A scientist specializing in throat diseases.  
(c) A hater of mankind.

11—The Boxer Rebellion was . . .

(a) An organization of pugilists opposed to Queensberry rules.  
(b) A union of box factory workers who went on strike for higher wages.  
(c) Chinese uprising in 1900 which aimed to oust foreigners from China.

12—Another word for garrulous is . . .

stupid               greedy  
comic                talkative

13—The American city which is built on seven hills is . . .

Los Angeles        Boston  
San Francisco      Philadelphia

14—The Romanoffs were once the ruling family of . . .

Roumania          Russia  
Armenia            Serbia

15—When we say that a young woman is devoting herself to the art of Terpsichore we mean that she is a . . .

writer               dancer  
gardener            cook

16—Can you identify the source of the following quotation: "Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin."

Shakespeare       The Bible  
Milton               Wordsworth

17—Here's a test of your spelling ability. Find the incorrect words . . .

(a) The mob became panicky at the smell of smoke.  
(b) The attorneys pleaded in their clients' defense.  
(c) There is a stationery tub in the cellar.

18—Answer "true" or "false" to the following statements:

(a) The island of Corsica was the birthplace of Napoleon.  
(b) Thomas Hood wrote the well-known poem, "Elegy in a Country Churchyard."  
(c) There are thirteen in a baker's dozen.

19—No man would ever marry a woman who is a termagant, for she will be . . .

A poor housekeeper.  
A gadabout.  
A shrew.  
A spendthrift.

20—Can you associate each of these musicians with the field in which he has achieved eminence?

Josef Hofmann       Conducting  
Jascha Heifetz       Opera  
Arturo Toscanini    Violin  
Lawrence Tibbett    Piano



PETER AND SUE

by BEULAH FRANCE, R. N.

## MRS. STEWART OPENS HER HOME TO THE 'SAFETY INSPECTOR'

PETER threw back his shoulders, held his head high and cleared his throat. He had just rung his own front door bell and was waiting for his mother to answer.

As Mrs. Stewart turned the handle Peter assumed a very serious look. "Ahem! Ahem!" he spoke in his deepest voice. "Madam, I have come to inspect your home for safety!"

Mrs. Stewart's look of astonishment changed to an understanding smile as she stepped back, bowed low and with a sweeping gesture of her right hand said "Come right in, sir. May I ask who sent you here and what this inspection will consist of?"

Peter kept his face serious, cleared his throat again before replying "Ahem! I've been sent by the school. My teacher said that every boy and girl in her class should go home and check up on its safety. With you, madam, I shall go from attic to cellar, and we'll see how safe your home is."

Still entering into the spirit of Peter's play, his mother most graciously spoke as though she had never seen Peter before. "I think that's a splendid idea. Now our attic is up under the roof."

Peter forgot himself for a moment and laughingly said, "Well, where else could it be?" But Mrs. Stewart kept her face straight as she led the way upstairs.

"Now, madam," said Peter when they'd reached the second landing, "do you ever let your children (Mrs. Stewart's eyes twinkled mischievously), do you ever let your children leave playthings on the stairs?"

Mrs. Stewart's smile faded as she answered in all seriousness. "That is one thing I am constantly telling my boy (a smile twitched at each corner of Peter's mouth) that he and his sister must never leave

anything at all on the stairs. Why, my aunt nearly broke her back one time because her baby had left a wheel toy on a stair tread, and it threw her."

"I see," said Peter, "that you have a good strong hand-rail, and—how about the stairs at night: are they well lighted? You don't use stair carpets, do you?"

"We have good lights at the top and the foot of each stairway," Mrs. Stewart replied. "We had the plugs fixed so that we could press a button and light the upstairs hall from downstairs and vice versa."

"What does 'vice versa' mean?" asked Peter, forgetting his role for a moment.

"The other way around," replied his mother. "But you asked about stair carpet. Ours began to wear out. When it first got a little hole in it I pulled it up, for I feared it would make someone fall."

They had reached the attic door as they talked, and Peter opened it. "Well," exclaimed Mrs. Stewart, "seems to me you know this house. Have you ever been here before?"

Peter chuckled, then straightened his face and replied, "All houses are a lot alike, I guess. Now, in the attic, my teacher told me to look for trash that might catch fire. She said that up there too the electric wires were not always so good. Are yours all—"

"To tell you the truth," Mrs. Stewart admitted, "there are some wires up here that need fixing. I'm glad you mentioned that. But as to trash—well, I might throw away those old playthings—"

Peter squealed, forgetting completely that he was an "inspector." "Those toys aren't trash, Mom! You wouldn't throw them away! I'm going to mend them and give them

Continued On Page 12

## REASON WITH STUBBORN YOUNGSTER FOR BEST RESULTS

WHEN LITTLE Mary turned down her cereal the other morning, her mother was genuinely surprised. "This is unheard of," she declared. "Who ever heard of a child not eating cereal?"

"Gerald doesn't," was the tot's confident rejoinder. It was true, and mother frowned, temporarily at a loss for an answer.

When children make such irrefutable remarks, parents get angry, as a rule, and decide to correct the child there and then. In allowing themselves to get angry, however, they make a serious mistake. Like everyone else, children are subject to outside influences. They bring home alien ideas from time to time and may put them to a test. Should these interfere with our own aims and practices, it is our place to correct, of course. This is impossible, however, if one "bares up," as Mary's mother did.

"Gerald doesn't eat cereal, but you will!" mother shot back vindictively. Mary pursed her lips. "Eat your cereal!"

"I don't want it and I won't," the child cried defiantly.

A contest followed which lasted noisily for over an hour, as most of the neighbors could

confirm, it being a warm day and the windows open.

Through being disposed to argue, parents bring about needless conflicts. The child is as much the imitator in this as in what "Gerald does." When will parents learn that it is impossible to win an argument with a child? Forcing a child to conform against his will is always accomplished at the expense of antagonizing and estranging him.

Children have a right to express a difference of opinion. It is our place to show why our own standards of conduct are better and more desirable. By being reasonable and not too insistent, a mother may depend upon a child's suggestibility to gain her point. Mary's mother could have said, "Yes, I know Gerald doesn't eat cereal; that's why he hasn't nice rosy cheeks like yours," and let it go at that.

## YOUR CHILD

by

JANE H. GOWARD



## HOME SERVICE

### Entertain Your Friends With Ventriloquism

NO WONDER Sally's in so much demand at parties! Her sprinkling ventriloquism makes a hit with her friends.

Clever of Sally to discover that she could talk without moving her lips the very first time she stood in front of a mirror and tried it.

And once you've learned the knack of this "motionless" talking, you've the secret of ventriloquism. Try this exercise: Rest your upper teeth on the inner part of your lower lip and enunciate the vowels a, e, i, o, u, over and over again.

Easy, isn't it? Soon you can say many words without changing your expression or moving the muscles of your face.

Sally made her own dummy easily. Impudent, red-haired Archie cost only seventy-five cents to make. His head moves and his tongue wags with an alacrity remarkable—and funny—to behold.

CASH IN on the widespread interest in ventriloquism! Our thirty-two page booklet gives lessons in the art of masquerading your voice. Step-by-step instructions for making a ventriloquist's dummy. Amusing dialogue that will convulse any audience.

Send ten cents for your copy of Booklet 163, "Self-Instruction in Ventriloquism and Dummy Making," to TOWN Home Service Bureau, P. O. Box 721, Rochester, N. Y.

Also available at ten cents per copy is Booklet 127, "The New Way to a Youthful Figure."

## PROFILES . . .

### Mickey Rooney

MICKEY ROONEY, sensational child-actor of the screen, wasn't born with that name . . . His right one is Joe Yule, Jr., and he is the son of Nell Brown and Joe Yule, dancer and comedian, respectively . . . He was born almost on the vaudeville stage, and eleven days after letting out his first squawks he went on the road with his parents . . . He was so young when he began his stage career that Alfred E. Smith, then governor of New York State, gave him a special permit to work . . . His first role in the movies was that of a midget in "Not to Be Trusted" when he was four years old . . . Now he's a veteran of thirteen . . . He boasts that he has never worn short trousers . . . He's ducked in and out of a couple of Hollywood schools between a long list of pictures and has caught the rest of his education on the fly at studio schools.

GOOD HEALTH

by C. N. CHRISMAN, M. D.

## STOMACH ACHE IS OFTEN WARNING OF SERIOUS DISORDER

WE HAVE written at length concerning functional distress in the abdomen due to nervous irritations, with no diseased conditions present. When a patient, complaining of distress in the abdomen, presents himself to a physician, the doctor listens to the patient's description of his symptoms and can often decide the nature of the trouble by his story.

But the physician cannot be satisfied with the idea that it is purely nervous. To assure himself and the patient too, he may resort to X-rays of the entire abdominal content and possibly chemical examination of the digestive process.

He often does the same where his diagnosis is of some diseased condition because, no matter how sure he is of his decision, he needs much information as to the extent of the diseased process.

Many diseased conditions are often increased by a general nervous condition, such as worry, anger, and exhaustion. A patient may complain of pain in the stomach in the middle of the forenoon and, perhaps, at night—all of which is relieved by taking some form of baking soda.

This means he probably has an ulcer of the duodenum.

If this patient will rest and refrain from excitement or worry, and will take some light, easily digested food every two hours, he will get well.

If his pain appears shortly after a meal, the ulcer is probably in the stomach, requiring the same mode of treatment, with the addition of alkalies.

Another source of distress is inflammation of the gall bladder which lies under the edge of the liver on the right side. Those patients suffer from gaseous indigestion with occasional attacks of excruciating colicky pain. This begins under the lower ribs on the right side and extends up under the shoulder.

Appendicitis begins with distress in the upper abdomen; there may be chills and fever, with sick stomach. At first the pain is general and may not be serious. Gradually it settles in the right lower abdomen. There is distention and the muscles are rigid.

Too many persons, when they feel an indistinct pain in the abdomen, immediately decide to take a physic. No physic should be taken for abdominal pain until a possible appendicitis is ruled out.

One of the frequent organic diseases after middle life is cancer. A patient who has reached the age of fifty or sixty, who begins to lose flesh and strength and who states that he has had a stomach that could digest nails till just lately, should excite suspicion at once. Something is radically wrong, and no time should be lost in finding out the trouble.

## 'THE LIFE OF THE PARTY' IS APT TO BE DISLIKED

THE LIFE of the party is not the easiest person in the world to live with. Life isn't all party. There are moments of much-needed relaxation and the person who is a self-appointed entertainer soon gets to be a bore. Take the quiet man with the vivacious wife—the one who is pretty and knows it. She's amusing and, if she's a good sort, men like her—up to a point. After she has regaled the party with side-splitting accounts of her successes with other men and how she put them in their place, those present begin to wonder what sort of an amusing monologue she is going to make out of the most trivial episodes in which they figure.

For one thing, what she says is taken with the proverbial grain of salt. She is known to be something of a dramatist, to make the most of every situation and to hog the center of the stage.

Gentler, quieter women, often with quite as much humor, are not infrequently envied of the woman who is a on-man show, so to speak, who can keep her audiences bubbling with laughter. But if they only knew it, they really are in a strong position, since men grow weary of the wisecracking woman and have no great yen for a female clown. The femme fatale is seldom "funny"; she may be witty, but she's never a clown.

The girl who hopes for social success must remember that it's

not attained through men, but through women. It's the women who can open the doors of the home, and believe me, they are chary about who crosses the threshold. Unless a woman has her own personal scheme afoot, she isn't going to admit to her home a woman who is going to push her into a corner and keep her there while she takes the spotlight. And the hostess who moves her chair into the spotlight and never gives her guests a chance to contribute any little wisecrack they may have stored up for the occasion, isn't going to be popular either.

Such women may be fascinating up to a mythical point, but they inspire hatred, rivalry, jealousy and all the rest of the ignoble instincts in the breasts of those who might help them, but who won't, because they are fed up with their vanity and presumption.

No one enjoys being laughed at or being the butt for another's jokes. If there is one old maxim that everyone seems to hold to, it is that there's many a true word spoken in jest.

Modern society seems to have figured out a punishment to fit these crimes. It allows the monologist, or the one who insists on dominating the party, to pay the check. It's really a swell idea. If you are bent on making a public nuisance of yourself, insist on talking about yourself and showing off; it's poetic justice and several other kinds besides, to let you pay for the privilege.

The girl who concentrates on men may have a whale of a time—for a time. But if she is going to get anywhere socially, she simply must keep a weather eye on the ladies.

## MODERN WOMEN

by

MARIAN M. MARTIN

CONCLUDING  
of a newspaper  
in search of  
which had m  
covered water

SYNOPSIS — A something sweeps Lare in the Scottish and a postman, rowers to a castle on a owned by Martin Benson in the swirl Peter Hayton of the rier is one of the papermen sent to the tragedy. Jonathan has solved other m Hayton, accompan Scotland, having re gram from Martin ing that the peo neighborhood believ postman has been a not the first one, o inhabiting the lake. Jow, noted as a big er, to investigate a statement to dispel ing rumors. On the low-faced stranger

THE

permann speaks to tion of the name M interested me," he s a good deal about he leaves, Jonathan "He's a killer," Pe are rowed out to th Hempstead police s who claims to be D a scientist, confes bred a monster whi ing in Loch Lare. T geant laughs at h him to "go home off." Jonathan Jow Martin Benson is a engaged in diving the loch to recover dropped to the a police were hot on h years earlier. One and Jow slip out and go out on the lo boat and watch fr spot the diving o Martin Benson. As Sam Oppermann ap other boat, orders his crew to "put up and, after the signals that he h the loot, orders the the diver up. Opp in hand, is master tion and waits im the diver to app depths.

CONCLUS

AT last that sam head which had when I first saw I than Jow from th Lare castle appea eyes and a shining which the water t the glistening, i suit appeared. The grasping a box. At the sight of Oppermann gave triumph. He step and took the box hands. Slowly a the diver clamber platform. He s little as though d depths to which ascended. All watched h It gave Martin chance. He sudden kick at the man st



**CONCLUDING—A story of the adventures of a newspaperman and a big game hunter in search of a murderous sea monster which had made its lair within the mist-covered waters of rock-bound Loch Lare**

**SYNOPSIS** — A huge black something sweeps across Loch Lare in the Scottish Highlands, and a postman, rowing with letters to a castle on a little island owned by Martin Benson, disappears in the swirling waters. Peter Hayton of the Daily Courier is one of the London newspapermen sent to the scene of the tragedy. Jonathan Jow, who has solved other mysteries for Hayton, accompanies him to Scotland, having received a telegram from Martin Benson saying that the people of the neighborhood believe that the postman has been a victim, and not the first one, of a monster inhabiting the lake. Benson asks Jow, noted as a big game hunter, to investigate and issue a statement to dispel the disturbing rumors. On the train, a sal-low-faced stranger named Op-

permann with the gun. The kick caught the man in the stomach and he went down on the platform.

Oppermann threw the box into the boat and fumbled desperately for his gun. But as he drew it, Benson was on him with the spring of a tiger. Under that impact Oppermann went down, and the gun slithered away.

They rolled one on top of the other. The diver, who had seated himself, stared stupidly at this fight. He was still dazed. Finch, who had begun to unscrew the diver's helmet, stopped. But he felt the gun of the third man in his ribs. He stood irresolute.

I could see that Oppermann was underneath. Benson, filled with fury at this attack in the moment of success, was

sight. The monstrous head of the beast was appearing. It was scaly, with wicked eyes leering down upon the puny humans on the raft.

"A plesiosaurus!" muttered the excited Jonathan Jow at my side.

Almost instantly there was a deafening report at my side. It was so sudden that I almost pitched into the water. I had not noticed that Jonathan Jow had brought a rifle with him, that he had calmly crouched down in the bows, sighted and fired at the monster.

There was a tremendous roar and flurry of waters. Obviously, the monster had been hit. Jonathan Jow was a deadly shot. But no ordinary bullet could kill that beast. It raised half of its gigantic body out of the water; we saw the arched, slimy back, a barrel-shaped body, and two huge flappers that came into the air and struck the waters with a resounding thwack. The next moment it had dived, leaving only an eddy and circling of the waters. Oppermann had jumped into the motor launch, grabbed the box of treasure, and with his two accomplices was chugging away.

## THE MONSTER OF THE LOCH

permann speaks to them. "Mention of the name Martin Benson interested me," he says. "I know a good deal about him." When he leaves, Jonathan Jow says, "He's a killer." Peter and Jow are rowed out to the castle. At Hempstead police station a man who claims to be David Norway, a scientist, confesses he has bred a monster which is dwelling in Loch Lare. The police sergeant laughs at him and tells him to "go home and sleep it off." Jonathan Jow learns that Martin Benson is a thief and is engaged in diving operations in the loch to recover loot that was dropped to the bottom when police were hot on his trail some years earlier. One night Hayton and Jow slip out of the castle and go out on the loch in a small boat and watch from a hidden spot the diving operations of Martin Benson. As they watch, Sam Oppermann appears in another boat, orders Benson and his crew to "put up your hands," and, after the diver below signals that he has recovered the loot, orders the men to haul the diver up. Oppermann, gun in hand, is master of the situation and waits impatiently for the diver to appear from the depths.

### CONCLUSION

At last that same monstrous head which had scared me when I first saw it with Jonathan Jow from the window of Lare castle appeared, goggled eyes and a shining dome, from which the water trickled. Then the glistening, gray rubber suit appeared. Then the hands, grasping a box.

At the sight of the treasure, Oppermann gave a shout of triumph. He stepped forward and took the box in his own hands. Slowly and painfully the diver clambered aboard the platform. He staggered a little as though dazed by the depths to which he had descended.

All watched him curiously. It gave Martin Benson his chance. He suddenly let out a kick at the man standing before

seeking with his hands to get a grip on the fat throat of the man beneath him. He did not notice that Oppermann's right hand had stretched out and closed upon the revolver which was lying within reach.

Half-choked though he was, Oppermann brought the revolver quickly into play. The barrel pointed into the stomach of Benson. He fired. Once, twice, three times. With a convulsive groan, Benson flopped to the platform. He raised himself for a second, staggered, and pitched forward into the inky waters of the loch.

THE TRAGEDY had been so swift that all on the rocking, floating platform seemed petrified into attitudes of stupidity—all except Sam Oppermann. He rose, feeling his throat tenderly with his hands. Then he staggered to the edge of the platform and gazed into the depths where the body of Benson had tumbled. Something he saw there caused a dawning horror in his eyes. He pointed a trembling finger. The next moment he screamed aloud:

"Look! The monster!"

All on the platform turned quickly. That scream in the night from Oppermann chilled my spine. I also gazed in the direction he pointed. Something like a huge maelstrom was swirling there, a tumult of waters circled with foam. The black waters were threatened by white. They suddenly parted, and a slimy mountain heaved up.

"By heaven, it is the monster!" I yelled.

They heard me on the floating platform, but they were all staring in terror at the

by

**W. J. MAKIN**



A roar burst from the gaping mouth... then another bomb fell on the gaping monster...



But even as she was emerging from the shaft of moonlight, the horrible thing happened. Once again, the maelstrom of waters appeared. Jonathan Jow knelt down, the rifle to his cheek.

"Don't fire," I cried. "You'll hit her."

"Better kill her with a bullet than let the monster get her," he replied coldly.

The slimy back came swirling out of the water. Jill saw it and screamed. Her screams went echoing among the mountains, a horrible sound in the night. It seemed that the monster had deliberately decided upon her as his prey. Slowly, the head appeared. The wicked eyes mesmerized the girl. She stood upright in the little boat, her mouth open, all power of motion gone.

Instinctively I realized that Jonathan Jow was about to fire. I lurched against him. But at the same moment he had fired.

"You fool!" snarled Jonathan Jow.

But I cared nothing for his anger. I was staring at the pathetic figure in the little boat. The huge head swirled towards her. A black fin came out of the water and struck at the boat. It was smashed like matchwood. And I saw Jill Johnson tumbling into the black waters of Loch Lare with the monster swirling towards her.

I MUST HAVE collapsed on that awning platform. I felt the hand of Jonathan Jow gently on my shoulder.

"I'm sorry, my dear boy," he remarked bluntly. "I was only doing what I thought best."

I nodded in dumb misery.

"She was a brave girl," went on Jonathan Jow.

"She was the only girl, so far as I'm concerned," I heard myself saying.

"I know," nodded Jonathan Jow. "I guessed it, even from the beginning."

"And now she's a victim of that horrible monster, a madman's experiment," I groaned.

"Yet there might still be a chance," mused Jonathan Jow.

"A chance?" I looked up eagerly. "What do you mean?"

The water lapped against the floating platform as the man of the jungle talked quietly but with a growing excitement.

"Ever seen a crocodile kill? But, then, of course you haven't. Once on the Zambesi I had a native servant dragged into the water by a crocodile. But we knew that reptiles of this kind have a habit of dragging their prey beneath the water and to some cave or lair where it is left for some time."

"Don't!" I cried miserably, thinking of Jill Johnson.

"In the case of this native boy," went on Jonathan Jow, "we dug for him in a crocodile lair on the opposite bank of the river, and he was still alive when we dragged him forth. The crocodile had gone into the middle of the Zambesi where it lay basking in the sun just against the surface, no doubt dreaming of the pleasant meal to come. Suppose this prehistoric monster behaved in a similar saurian fashion?"

"It's a chance, even though a desperate one," I acknowledged. Jonathan Jow nodded.

"And I think I know the cave where this monster hides itself," he said, pointing to those horrible black cliffs.

During our excited talk the diver had slipped out of his rubber suit. His face was drawn, and he staggered like a drunken man.

Continued On Page 7



Ulacia takes a bad spill while returning the pelota.

## MURDEROUS, SPEEDY JAI ALAI THRILLS SPORT FANS

IT TOOK boatloads of American rough riders to conquer Cuba, but it took only a handful of rough-riding Cubans to conquer sports-loving America. Within a remarkably short time jai alai, a Cuban game that is a combination of handball, tennis and lacrosse played at breakneck speed, has become New York's latest fad.

Jai alai, the most spectacular and fastest of modern sports, originated in the rough Basque country of Spain in the sixteenth century. It underwent a slow evolution, being played in the beginning with bare hands, later with flat bats, and the modern cesta (a reed basket attached to the player's hand), a recent innovation.

It was first introduced into the United States in 1904 at the St. Louis Fair, but, because of the great expense attendant on the construction of the fronton, or court, and the little interest displayed by the fans, it was abandoned. It wasn't until 1924 that another promoter would risk building a fronton, this time in Miami. But it enjoyed dubious success, and it wasn't until the winter of 1937 that it was hailed as the coming sensation.

"Jai alai" means merry festival or happy feast in Basque, but it is anything but a festival to the players. Constant practice, speed and stamina are re-

quired of them at all times. They must observe even stricter training rules than the American footballer, and an average day in the life of a player runs somewhat as follows: 12 noon—arises, has light breakfast of fruit, Cuban bread and coffee; 1 P. M. to 5 P. M.—practices jai alai or some other sport; 5 P. M.—eats a light luncheon (all jai alai players refrain from eating heavily for three hours before a contest); 5 P. M. to 7 P. M.—rests before going to the court for his regular medical examination; 8 P. M.—after physical examination, has a masseur flex his muscles and give him a rub-down; 8:15 P. M.—hot shower, then dons playing clothes and is examined by players' manager; 8:30 P. M. to midnight—on the court; after midnight—a heavy Spanish meal, then back to the hotel with the other players and the players' manager, and to bed.

The average life span of the pelotero is estimated to be about 40 years and, consequently, the player is not regarded as a good insurance risk. However, since it is a set rule of the association that every player must donate five per cent of his monthly salary to an annuity which entitles him to a pension when he retires from active play (usually at about 35), he need have no fear for his old age.

Jai alai is played on a three-

walled court that measures 150 feet in length, 43 feet in width and 40 feet in height. The cesta (or handpiece) is reminiscent of the lacrosse racket, and the manner in which the players return the ball against the wall is similar to the swing of a tennis player. As in handball, after the ball has hit the front playing

### OUTDOORS

by MORTIMER NORTON

## HUNTING WHITE SNOWSHOE RABBIT PROVIDES REAL ADVENTURE

THE BIG-FOOTED snowshoe rabbit of mountain regions is one of the most popular small game animals with hunters from Maine to Minnesota. It thrives in the dense forests of the uplands, where evergreen swamps abound, and feels secure in its protective white coat and its remote wilderness retreat.

To many sportsmen, hunting snowshoe rabbits is a real adventure. It draws them from town and farm to new, inspiring country where mountains, lakes, streams, and heavy cover combine to make an ideal setting. The high altitude, picturesque landscape and crisp air, coupled with plenty of big rabbits for the dogs to chase, afford eventful outings with shotgun or rifle not soon to be forgotten.

Snowshoes, on sunny mornings and afternoons, may be found squatting beneath low evergreens, in hollow logs, in shallow depressions of the ground, under brush piles, among the alders, and often at the bases of large trees. When cold weather sets in and snow blankets the earth, the rabbits change color from their summer brown to a winter coat of white.

Apparently realizing it is hard to see them against the snow, the rabbits will often let a hunter or dog pass by within a few feet without budging. I once saw my partner walk by a tree at the foot of which, not over six feet from him, crouched a large rabbit. When he had gone a few paces beyond, the snow-

wall, or frontis, it must be caught in the air or on one bounce and returned by an opposing player. To fail to do so is to lose a point.

The game is fraught with danger, and the list of injuries during any one season hits some startling totals. The danger, of course, lies largely in the possibility of being hit by the pelota, or ball, which is whipped through the air with the speed of a rifle bullet. The ball is about three-quarters the size of a baseball, but much livelier and much harder. It is so hard, in fact, that the court is erected of a special concrete, designed specifically to withstand the terrific pressure of the jai alai ball.

There are forty men in the troupe. The average age of the players is about 25 years, with Vizcaya, a Cuban, the baby of the troupe at 16. The oldest player in the troupe is 29. The players average about 175 pounds, with the 24-year-old Echarri of Cuba the Gargantua of the troupe at 6 feet 1 inch, and tipping the scales at 215 pounds.

Spanish and Cuban boys play the game from the age of six with the ambition of one day becoming a professional, much in the manner of American boys aspiring for big league baseball careers.

When and if the young player does become eligible for professional participation, he is given a try-out by the manager of the local fronton. If he passes scrutiny, he must promise to abide by the rules of the Spanish Association (whose by-laws govern players all over the world) and adhere to the training rules of the fronton to which he is contracted. Violation of the rules brings automatic suspension of the player all over the world for life.

shoe crept away, then began leaping, until my 12 gauge changed its plans. So, when stalking these big fellows, it is well to watch sharply every instant.

Although fast runners and long leapers, snowshoe rabbits usually go only a short distance before stopping to hide or look back. Often this is done obligingly on a knoll, affording an excellent target. They have a great inborn curiosity. They may not become thoroughly frightened at first, since, in many sections, they are disturbed little in comparison with the cottontail. For this reason they may easily be bagged with a .22 caliber rifle as well as a shotgun.

It is wise for two or three hunters to walk slowly abreast through a wooded area bordering a trail or stream. If one man misses, one of his companions is likely to get in an effective shot. If a dog is chasing a snowshoe, the hunters station themselves in line with the runways and await developments. The rabbit will soon double back.

Much sport and fine success, however, can be enjoyed by routing out the snowshoes unaided by a dog. This is especially true if there are frequent bare spots on the ground, making the white rabbits stand out clearly. But for liveliest action and best results, when the snow is deep and the game quiet, an energetic beagle or other rabbit dog puts a lot of pep and interest into the hunt.

## TOWN QUIZ: Answers

- 1—The Three Musketeers.
- 2—He has lost his reverence for traditional beliefs.
- 3—Stealing.
- 4—Missouri River.
- 5—President Wilson.
- 6—Money-mad.
- 7—Mortimer, Michael, Wallace, Donald.
- 8—(a) You will have bad luck; (b) He returns to his hole and there are six more weeks of winter; (c) You will have a quarrel.
- 9—Hansel and Gretel—Humperdink; H. Pagliacci—Leoncavallo; Jewels of the Madonna—Wolf-Ferrari;

- Rigoletto—Verdi.
- 10—A hater of mankind.
- 11—A Chinese uprising.
- 12—Talkative.
- 13—San Francisco.
- 14—Russia.
- 15—Dancer.
- 16—The Bible.
- 17—(a) panicky; (b) attorneys; (c) stationary.
- 18—(a) true; (b) false, Thomas Gray wrote it; (c) true.
- 19—A shrew.
- 20—Josef Hofmann—piano; Jascha Hefetz—violin; Arturo Toscanini—conducting; Lawrence Tibbett—opera.





RADIO'S NEWEST STAR.

Pattie Morgan, radio's newest singing star, is now being featured with Al Kavelin and his orchestra, heard over the NBC network four times weekly. Only 21 years old, Pattie was first signed as a vocalist last June by Artie Shaw. After a three-month tour with Shaw and broadcasting over every major network, Pattie appeared with Clem Williams' band in Philadelphia and later with Val Olman in New York. Al Kavelin, who recently organized a new band to introduce his new style of rhythm, signed her after auditioning hundreds of vocalists.

## 'STATIC' by Lawrence Witte

GUS HAENSCHEN, who furnishes the colorful orchestral backgrounds on "Saturday Night Serenade," insists that Beethoven was swinging it over a hundred years ago. And what's more, Gus can prove it! Here's how:

One of the most important ingredients of swing style is the accent placed on the off-beat. This is the device that produces that curious and, to millions of people, pleasing distortion of rhythm.

But Beethoven, says Haensch, was doing that constantly. Every page and every measure of his music is filled with the "misplaced" accents. Only, Beethoven neglected to call it swing. In his day it was just called a sforzando, which means in plain English a kind of forcing of the music's rhythm. It's the thing that produces the highly dramatic effect so characteristic of all Beethoven's music, but especially of his symphonic works.

The next time you listen to Beethoven's Fifth Symphony, Haensch advises, watch out for the closing portion of the second movement. It's pure and unadulterated swing, in the best style of Count Basie or Benny Goodman.

JAY JOSTYN, leading man of "This Day Is Ours," new CBS series, owes his success as an actor to an exaggerated youthful fear of dentists!

As a schoolboy, Jay's horror of dentists was intensified by the realization that his parents

hoped he would later join that profession. In order to circumvent ever-frequent visits to the dentist, Jay himself took almost fanatical care of his teeth.

Always interested in theatricals, Jay tried out, right after high school graduation, for a part in a show being put on at the Shubert Theatre in Milwaukee. It was a competitive audition, but Jay got the coveted role—because he had the most flashing smile of all the applicants. That boyhood devotion to dental care paid off to the tune of \$35 a week.

BOB LAWRENCE, baritone with Paul Whiteman's band, is the latest Whiteman discovery to graduate to the bright lights.

Bob has been with the dean of modern music for several years. Originally he got out of Cornell University to practice engineering, but instead, engineered himself into a job with the Whiteman band.

Now Bob leaves the orchestra to appear in the forthcoming George Abbott production, "The Boys from Syracuse." The new musical comedy has music and lyrics by Rodgers and Hart, written around Shakespeare's "Comedy of Errors."

MOST VAUDEVILLE performers go "soft" when they get a radio job—why, the majority of them even use scripts!

Not so, however, with Bud Abbott and Lou Costello, Kate Smith Hour jesters, who recite their weekly gags from memory.

Abbott is the team's "feeder." He comes on-stage with a page of cues. But Costello takes his leads from Abbott and works entirely without script. Twelve years on the variety stage have given the pair nimble wits and the ability to memorize. They have worked a dozen years without scripts and see no reason to change.

## THE MONSTER OF THE LOCH by W. J. Makin

Continued From Page 6

"Jump into one of the boats and row towards the cliff!" ordered Jonathan Jow. "I'll take the other boat. Together we can tow the platform there."

Eventually, the platform was bumping gently against the sheer drop of stone into the black depths. We both clambered back on to the platform.

"I should say we are just over the mouth of this submerged cave," murmured Jonathan Jow. "All the evidence of the strata in these cliffs, as I examined them in the daytime, points to a subterranean cave. And it is highly likely that this is the monster's den."

I stared at the cliffs and shuddered. Jill's scream and the vision of her disappearing beneath the water was still omnipresent.

"THERE'S ONLY one possible way into the cave," Jow said, and he pointed to the black waters.

"Impossible!" I gasped.

I saw his eyes slant to the diving suit. So did the others on that floating platform. The diver, now recovered, drew away.

"Not all the money in the world will get me under the surface again," he cried. "I've had enough of that cursed monster."

"Well, Finch? You're a practised diver."

Jonathan Jow spoke, regarding the sham butler of Lare Castle. Finch's face was white but determined in the moonlight.

"You can shoot me with that gun, Mr. Jow, but I'm not going into Loch Lare tonight."

"I'll go." Again I heard myself speak as though I stood apart, a disinterested spectator.

I saw Jonathan Jow regard me queerly.

"That's brave of you, my boy," he said, "but I couldn't allow it. You're young. I'm old and don't matter very much in this world. I'll go down."

He moved towards the diving suit as he spoke. But I staggered forward and confronted him.

"I must go down," I cried. "Jill means everything to me."

And I began struggling into the wet rubber suit.

Jonathan Jow accepted the situation. This was an adventure for youth. He began to help me into the diving suit. Finch assisted. So did the diver.

They were all whispering instructions to me.

Five minutes later I stood up, with the leaden boots weighing me down and the steel helmet being screwed tightly into place. I could not see a thing. An electric underwater flashlight was thrust into my hand.

I was led to the edge of the floating platform. A steel rope was indicated. I took it in my hands and the next moment felt my feet going into the black waters of the loch.

There was a stinging in my ears as the waters closed over me, and it seemed hours before I discovered that I was still alive and standing on the bottom of the loch.

Then I remembered the electric lamp gripped in my gloved hand. I struggled with it and, purely by luck, it switched on.

I dragged a life-line and the precious air-pipe after me as I walked in what I judged to be the direction of the black cliffs.

With leaden feet I seemed to have walked miles before I came up against a slimy wall. It loom-

ed up suddenly. The cliffs! Carefully, with one hand outstretched, I plodded to the right. Then my hand fell away from the rock. I swung the electric lamp forward. An opening in the wall. It must be the cave.

Dizzy, with that hissing sound always in my ears and the heavy thumping of my heart resounding in the rubber suit, I plunged forward. Those leaden boots seemed to be dragging my feet. I began gasping for breath. I was plodding up a slope.

SUDDENLY I was checked. Something tugged at my head. I tried to jerk my helmet away from that tugging force, but it seemed irresistible. I seemed to be held a prisoner in that awful subterranean passage.

Then it dawned upon me that the hissing sound in my ears had stopped. There could be only one reason for this. The air-pipe had ceased to function. I must have fouled it in my progress along the passage.

Desperately I jerked myself forward. Death could only be a matter of minutes. But that jerk released me, although the air supply was still stopped. I tried to run. My head began to sing. The ear-drums were bursting.

Now sick and exhausted, I tumbled sideways. I found myself leaning against the slimy rock, waiting for death. My eyes closed wearily. I opened them again and discovered to my astonishment that I was still alive.

Instinctively, I dragged forward the electric lamp to which I had clung throughout. It was then I realized I was standing in water only up to my chest. I

Continued On Page 13



## FREE Perfume gift FROM HOLLYWOOD

Just in time for Christmas comes this amazing offer of FREE perfume for your own use and delight, or to give away as a gorgeous gift to someone you love! But hurry; this is a limited offer to introduce the ravishing, exotic perfume to which lovely DEANNA DURBIN gives her name. DEANNA DURBIN Perfumes are all their name suggests; youthful, fascinating, alluring, tantalizing, yet with the delicate, lingering fairy-fragrance that no words can describe. Send only ONE DOLLAR for our generous Boudoir-size flash of

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in a smart, individual gift box. We will include, ABSOLUTELY FREE a double-dram, purse-size bottle of her rich day-time floral bouquet and ALSO a handsome 8" x 10" full-color picture of Deanna Durbin with her autograph. Don't miss this marvelous offer. You will be thrilled and delighted with DEANNA DURBIN Perfume. Its exciting, bewitching fragrance will give you an utterly new idea of personality perfume. Send ONE DOLLAR today—NOW—before gift bottles are exhausted and this offer withdrawn. YOUR gift package will be mailed promptly, postage paid. Hollywood Perfume Agency, P.O. Box 3247, Phila., Pa.

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Guard Killed By British Officer in Daring Escape from German Prison Camp

HUNTED by all the police in Germany, he found refuge in the heart and home of this lovely little girl of the Berlin streets . . . Calmly, bravely she faced the police and lied for him—lied for an enemy of her country whom she had known but one short night . . . Not even the threats of certain death could break her devoted loyalty to him.

You'll be held breathless by this exciting story of escape from a German prison camp. You'll be thrilled and fascinated by this romantic girl who took such desperate chances to hold the only tender, sincere love she ever knew . . . No wonder the late O. O. McIntyre called it "The most absorbing book I've read in five years."

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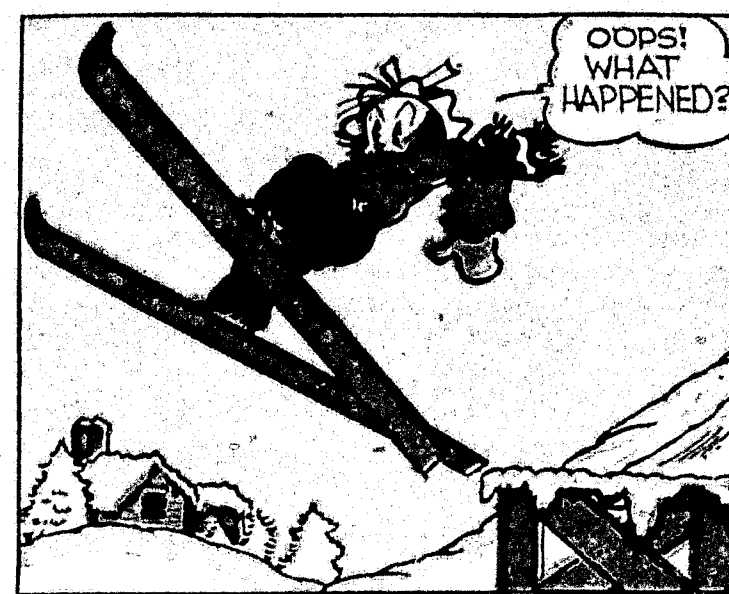
# CYNICAL SUSIE



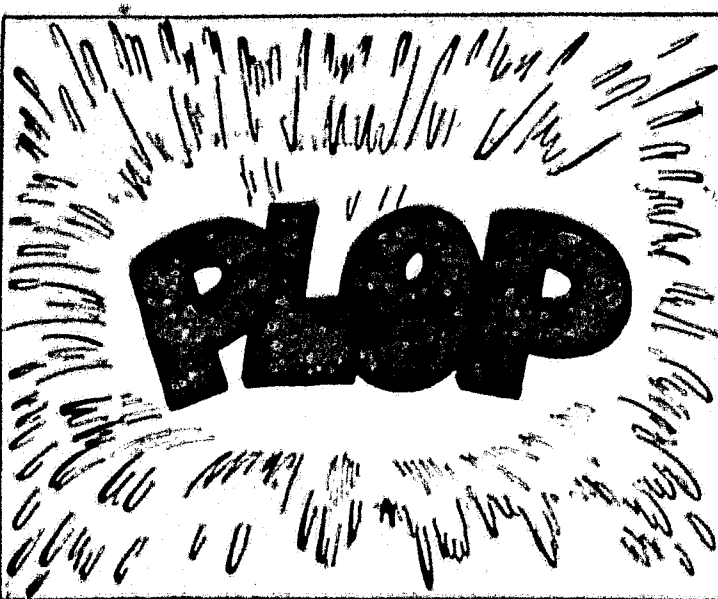
GET GOIN'!  
I CAN'T WAIT  
TO TRY OUT  
SOME OF THESE  
WINTER  
SPORTS!



AND I ALWAYS  
THOUGHT SKI-ING  
WAS HARD! -WHY  
IT'S A CINC!



OOPS!  
WHAT  
HAPPENED?



FOR GOODNESS  
SAKES - THAT  
FALL MUST'VE  
PULLED MY  
LEGS WAY  
OUTTA GEAR!



SAY - JUST  
WHAT IS THE  
IDEA -  
ANYWAY?

OH - SO THOSE  
ARE YOUR  
FEET? - I MUSTA  
PLOPPED RIGHT  
DOWN BESIDE  
YOU!

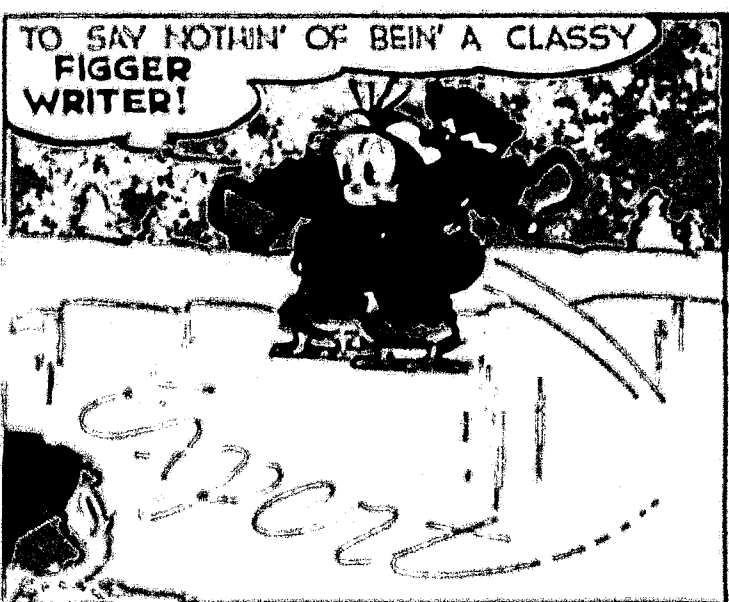


HMPH! - YOU'RE  
SUCH A GRAND  
SKI-ER - I S'POSE  
YOU ALSO THINK  
YOU CAN SKATE!

THAT'S ONE  
THING I'M  
SURE OF!  
WATCH ME!



AS A MATTER OF  
FACT - I'M SLIGHTLY  
AN EXPERT! -  
LOOK!



TO SAY NOTHIN' OF BEIN' A CLASSY  
FIGGER  
WRITER!



AS WELL AS A  
FANCY DIVER -  
TOO - I S'POSE - EH?



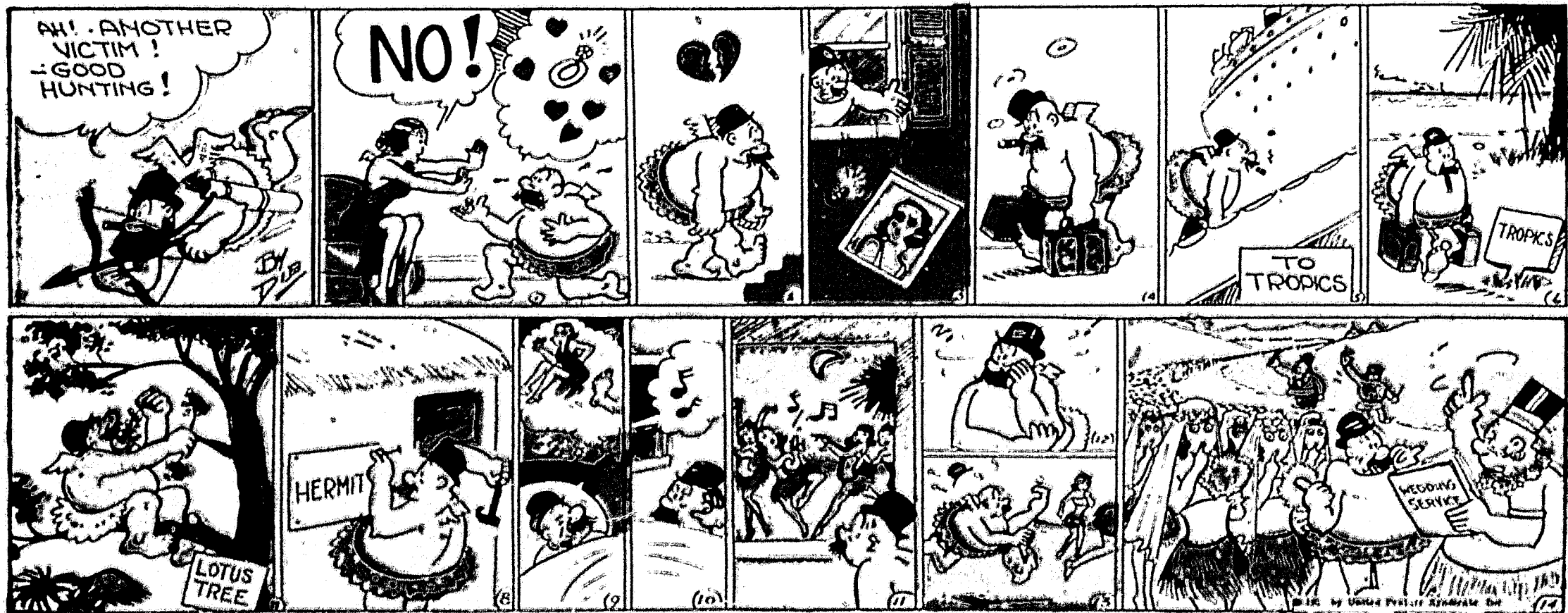
AH - WELL - WE CAN'T SHINE  
(SNIFF) AT EVERYTHIG! - BUT  
SOMETHIG DELLS ME, (SNIFF)  
THE SOUTH WOULD BE A MUCH  
SAFER PLACE TO GO  
IN FOR SPORDS

THE END OF THE LINE  
GIVE ME A HAND  
GIVE ME A HAND





**DUB DABS**



**NEXT WEEK**

An interesting and informative article tracing the origin of the use of animals as symbols for political parties, trade organizations and national emblems.

**OLD CUSTOMS**  
L.H.W.



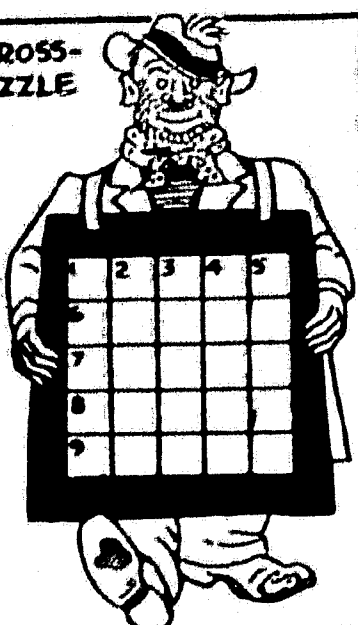


Can you  
add the figure  
**4** to **293**  
so that  
the answer  
will be less  
than **30**?

**A.W. MULLIN**

**ACROSS**  
1, IMPRINT; 6, GENTLEMAN'S LANDED ESTATE; 7, TOLERATE; 8, IMPORTANT PARTS; 9, LOCK OF HUMAN HAIR.

**DOWN**  
1, CLEVER; 2, SMALL DRUM; 3, FEEBLEMINDED; 4, FASHIONS; 5, URGE.



**WHAT FOUR-LETTER WORD, MEANING TO TREAT WITH CONTEMPT, CAN BE REVERSED TO SPELL, SMALL SWEET CAKES ?**

→ ←

**WHAT FOUR-LETTER WORD, MEANING TO EXCHANGE, CAN BE REVERSED TO SPELL, THE FEET OF ANIMALS HAVING CLAWS ?**

→ ←

**[A.W.NUGENT]**

**E**ACH CONTESTANT IS BLIND - FOLDED AND PLACED, ABOUT AN EQUAL DISTANCE AS FAR APART AS POSSIBLE, IN THE ROOM... AT THE COMMAND, WHACK! THE GAME BEGINS AND ALL PLAYERS ARE REQUIRED TO TRY TO SWAT THEIR OPPONENTS WITH THE PAPER. WHEN A PLAYER IS HIT HE IS ELIMINATED.

THE LAST PERSON REMAINING IN THE GAME WILL BE DECLARED THE WINNER.



SHADE IN ALL OF THE DOTTED SECTIONS.



|    |    |    |    |
|----|----|----|----|
|    |    |    | 14 |
|    |    |    | 16 |
|    |    |    | 15 |
| 12 | 17 | 16 | 12 |


**CROSS-NUMBER PUZZLE.**  
 TRY TO WRITE THE NINE  
 NUMBERS, SHOWN BELOW,  
 ONE INTO EACH EMPTY SQUARE.  
 THEY MUST BE ARRANGED SO THAT  
 THEY WILL ADD TO THE EXACT AMOUNT  
 SHOWN AT THE END OF THE SEVEN  
 ROWS INDICATED BY THE ARROWS.

1 · 2 · 3 · 4 · 5 · 6 · 7 · 8 · 9

DON'T ----- AT ME WITH  
----- IN YOUR EYES, I KNOW  
THE ----- OF AN -----  
ARE HIGHER THAN AN ONION.

YOUR WORDS,  
THAT ARE ALL  
SPELLED WITH THE  
LETTERS, SHOWN  
ABOVE, ARE MISSING  
FROM THE SENTENCE.  
CAN YOU REPLACE  
THEM?

AWW, NUGGET!

TO STATION NO. 1

STATION NO. 1

TO STATION NO. 2

STATION NO. 2

TO STATION NO. 3

STATION NO. 3

TO STATION NO. 1

TO STATION NO. 2

TO STATION NO. 3

DETECTIVE MESA BULL WANTS TO TAKE ALL OF THE ABOVE CROOKS TO THE RESPECTIVE POLICE STATIONS WITHOUT CROSSING OR TOUCHING ANOTHER PATH OR TOUCHING ANYTHING ELSE IN THE PICTURE INCLUDING THE BORDER. CAN YOU SOLVE THIS PROBLEM FOR HIM? DRAW A SEPARATE LINE (PATH) FROM EACH DOG TO ITS RESPECTIVE DESTINATION.

**A** DRAWING  
LESSON.  
FOR CHILDREN.  
START 

1 

**T**OWEN ADD THESE  
FEW LINES.

2



**A**ND THE FINISH-  
ING TOUCHES.

3



POCUPINE

**SOLUTIONS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES:**

**H**ERE ARE OVER FORTY OBJECTS IN THE PICTURE THAT BEGIN WITH THE LETTER "C": CABBAGE, CAN, CANDLE, CANDLESTICK, CANE, CANINE, CANVAS, CAP, CAT, CELERY, CHAIN, CHAIR, CHECKERS, CHEEK, CHICKEN, CHILD, CHIMNEY, CHIN, CIRCLE, CLAWS, CLOCK, CLOTH, CLOTHES, CLOUDS, CLOVER, COAT, COCK, COFFEE, COFFEE POT, COMB, COTON, CORN, COLLAR, CORNER, COVER, COW, CRANE, CROSS, CUFF, CUP AND CUCUMBER.

**H**OW TO CHANGE SICK TO WELL IN FOUR JUMPS:  
SICK, SILK, SILL, WILL, WELL.

**T**HE THREE VEGETABLES ARE : TURNIP, PARSNIP  
AND ASPARAGUS.

**T**HINKER PUZZLE ANSWER: TINKER, THINK, THIN, IN,  
INK, INKER, TIN, HER, NIT, THE, HE, TEN, HEN, TEE, HIT,  
KIT, IT, RHINE, TIE, RENT, TEEN, NET, KIN, HET, HIKE, KITE, THINE,  
TOP, IDE KEDN, KENT AND TIKE.

THE THREE MISSING WORDS ARE: THREE, THERE AND ETHER

**C**LOCK DIAL SOLUTION:  **A**NSWER TO THE WORD SQUARE: 

40 1486 for The Associated Industries

MOS' of the attain ceremony film Theat which are a theat filmde were in the cours The witho have their Hersk all th it up five o "Five negle Bri each espec sholt print along other the C

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## 'STAR GAZING'

with  
URIE MEGAHAN

MOST film fans are well aware of the fact that when a player attains stardom in Hollywood a ceremony takes place in the film capital's famous Chinese Theatre, during the course of which that player's footprints are solemnly imprinted in the theater's forecourt. However, filmdom's five youngest stars were for a long time neglected in this respect. We refer to, of course, the Dionne quintuplets. The neglect has not been without reason, for the babies have never been away from their Ontario nursery. So Jean Hersholt, the country doctor of all the Dionne pictures, betook it upon himself to see that his five co-workers in the current "Five of a Kind" were no longer neglected.

Bringing a pair of shoes of each of the babies from Ontario especially for the purpose, Hersholt recently placed their footprints where they should be, alongside those of Hollywood's other stars in the courtyard of the Chinese Theatre.

WILLYS DE MOND, stocking designer for Hollywood stars, has visited New York, selecting semi-precious stones and old lace for the \$14,000 worth of stockings to be worn by Ginger Rogers in "The Castles," her next dancing film with Fred Astaire, which is based on the lives of Vernon and Irene Castle, America's internationally famous dance team of twenty-five years ago.

De Mond, who also designed



### "THE THREE MUSKETEERS"

Twentieth Century-Fox offers the Ritz Brothers in a burlesque version of Dumas' famed story. The supporting cast includes Don Ameche, Gloria Stuart, Binnie Barnes and a host of others. Producers promise that it may not follow the story closely but that it will be good for many a laugh for every member of the family.

the stockings worn by Barbara Stanwyck in "The Mad Miss Manton," predicts that Ginger's stockings will start a new vogue in the direction of eye-arresting stocking patterns.

M-G-M's "Spring Madness," now under production, is fairly replete with the Tarzan influence, for both Maureen O'Sullivan and Jacqueline Wells are featured. Maureen, you know, was Johnny Weissmuller's girl

friend in the feature Tarzan pictures, while Jacqueline played opposite Larry Crabbe in the serial version. So when the two greet each other on the set every morning by pounding their chests and emitting long and ear-torturing yells, they're just observing an old family custom of a couple of Tarzan mates.

In "Spring Madness," however, the two girls play college students. Miss O'Sullivan, fea-

tured opposite Lew Ayres, is required to do a scene with dialogue while performing on swinging rings. So quite naturally she was taken in hand by Weissmuller, who coached her on the rings for two hours daily at the Hollywood Athletic Club.

## SPEED by SERVIA SWEETZER

Continued From Page 3

He was losing speed. Bill Lind crept up, passed him. Huh! He'd show him. He'd pick up his loss on the next turn. Speed, that was what counted—more speed.

He glanced at the time board for the second time, exhaustion numbing his brain. Seventy-fifth lap! Only twenty-five more to go! But twenty-five? A car five laps behind but in front of him blew a right front tire, spun crazily for several seconds, then swerved mercifully to the rail and stopped. Lucky devil! Missed death by an inch. He began to wonder if he could hold out. If only his heart wouldn't race so—but he'd always been scared in a big race, all the fellows were, only nobody knew it. Eightieth lap! Just a few more in which to pass Bill. He had to pass him! He tried for greater speed—desperate speed; and the two cars came down the straightaway almost hood to hood.

Five laps to the finish! Jerry sensed rather than heard the wild cheers of the crowds. He'd dip down to the inside turn now, he decided swiftly, and pass Bill—hated to do it on that plowed-up turn, but what the heck!

Then something unexpected happened. Bill Lind, just ahead, struck a rift in the loose dirt and went into a top-like spin. Jerry saw instantly that the ten cars behind him were coming too fast to be slowed down by a signal. He had two alternatives in order to save those ten cars from piling up, car upon car. He could smash head on into the helpless Bill directly in his path,

thus giving those other cars time to sidestep them both; or he could send his own car into a spin in the direction of the guard rail. This meant crashing into the rail, probably certain death. But it would give the other racers a chance to see Bill and avoid him. Without further hesitation Jerry threw his car into a skid, and the Silver Terror hurtled over the track.

HE THOUGHT at first he was still spinning on the speedway when he opened his eyes several hours later. The room had pink walls, a tracery of roses. Babe's room! But where was Babe? . . . His feverish eyes followed the border of roses, and then he got to thinking of Marion. And suddenly Jerry ached, ached miserably all over his poor bruised body. Life just wasn't going to be worth living without Marion.

The door opened softly, and Marion herself came in. Marion, little adorable brown-eyed thing. She came swiftly to him and bent over him, her lips on his. He felt all queer and choky. He opened his lips. "Sh—! Mustn't talk, darling. Doctor's orders."

"But just tell me one thing. It's about Babe—"

"Oh, Babe's so much better they were allowed to take him home!"

"Oh, gee, that's great! But—but, Marion, does Babe know that—?"

"He knows what a wonderful

thing you did yesterday, Jerry. And he's been told about something else. Lie quiet now."

She had moved over to a table and was turning the dial of a small radio resting upon it. Jerry hadn't noticed the radio before. Out of the opening hum of static the voice of Denny Durant, sports broadcaster, gradually became distinguishable.

"—and I want you to know, folks, that not only is Jerry Murphy still a great racing driver—he proved that yesterday—but he's a true sportsman as well. Every year the American Automobile Association awards a trophy of five thousand dollars to the knight of the roaring road who performs the most sportsmanlike act during the entire racing season. Jerry Murphy's name has been sent in for that trophy, folks. Without a doubt he will be awarded this much coveted prize. He threw his own life into the discard yesterday when he turned his mount, Babe Miller's Silver Terror, into a spin to save the lives of ten other racing drivers. Murphy was on the verge of winning the hundred-mile event, but he gave no thought to himself. . . . Neither Murphy nor Lind was seriously injured."

"Turn it off quick, honey!" cried Jerry Murphy huskily to the tremulously smiling girl whose big, soft eyes were brimming with tears. She did so, and stumbled into Jerry's outstretched arms.

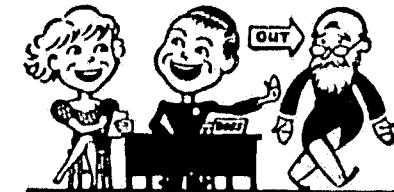
SIDNEY TOLER, veteran stage and screen character, will continue the late Warner Oland's work as sleuth Charlie Chan . . . Randy Scott's six-year contract with Columbia, recently signed, will bring him to the home lot of his closest friend, Cary Grant . . . Jinx Falkenberg, the prominent New York model, often described as "the most photographed girl in America," has been signed to play the leading femme role in Monogram's "Little Tenderfoot," a singing western starring Tex Ritter . . . Wallace Beery made costume tests for the first time in his career for "Stand Up and Fight."

### HOMIE COMFORT in Syracuse

Folks like to stay at The Syracuse because it's homey . . . in atmosphere and service. The rooms are modern and comfortable, the food tasty. 600 rooms from \$3.00.

Fay B. Marenness, Mgr.

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## WOODEN BUCKET EASILY MADE

by HAROLD T. BODKIN

A BUCKET to symbolize romantic adventure?

The replica illustrated in picture A does just this, if you'll recall the stirring earlier days of America's history. For it was in such hand-fashioned wooden buckets that water was carried to hard-pressed gun crews in the heat of battle action aboard ships like "Old Ironsides" and other men-o-war of her time.

That era has passed, but in the modern home our quaint brass-bound bucket continues to serve in a useful capacity. As a waste basket in the man's or boy's room, the den or recreation room it never fails to create interest and attention.

Twelve wooden staves are made to form the bucket. Two of these, to receive the rope handle, are made three inches longer than the others. White oak is the wood preferred, but clear white pine may be used for the staves. All stock is 1/2-inch thick.

To make all details of the project easier to see and construct, Handicraft Plan 88 reproduces a detailed drawing.

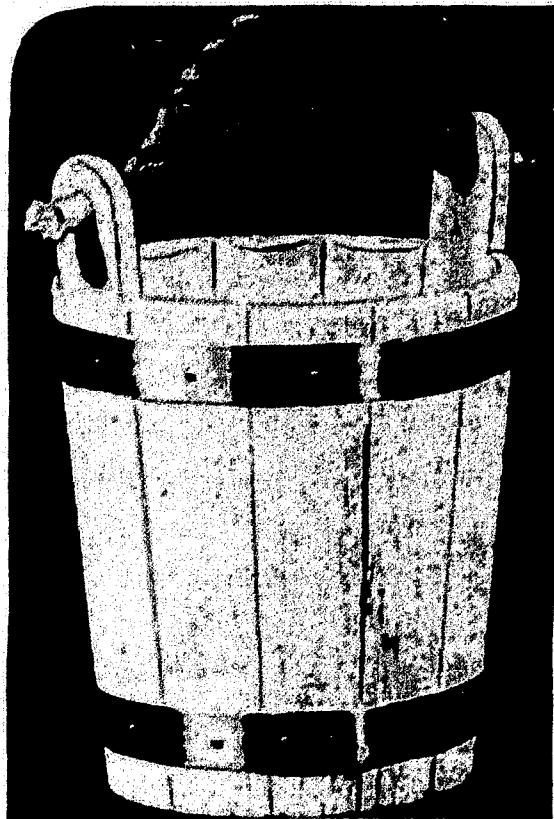
Ten of the staves, all alike, are cut to the length and top and bottom widths as noted. The remaining (handle) staves are sawed three inches longer. If you have a power circular saw, allow extra width for 1/4-inch tongue and groove joints between staves. If made by hand, plane a 15-degree bevel on the stave edges. (See picture E.)

First, fit and glue the staves together in groups of three—and then join these partial sections into the whole in the same way. Small corrugated fasteners are driven to hold the stave bottoms together (see picture D) and a twisted clothes line binds the top while the glue sets. Next, "toenail" the joints together at the top, setting the finishing nails deeply and filling the holes with putty. (See picture C.)

When the above assembly is dry, set the bucket on a piece of board, 1/2-inch thick and scribe around inside at the bottom. This gives the minimum diameter of the bottom piece.

The approximate angle of the bucket side is 5 degrees. When sawing, be sure to observe this angle and also to enlarge the minimum diameter slightly so that the bottom will fit in about one inch above the lower end of the staves. Nail and glue into place (See picture D.) Following this, the 1/2-inch holes can be bored through the handle staves and the whole outside and top edge of the bucket rounded to shape with a plane and spokeshave.

As you know, the brass bands



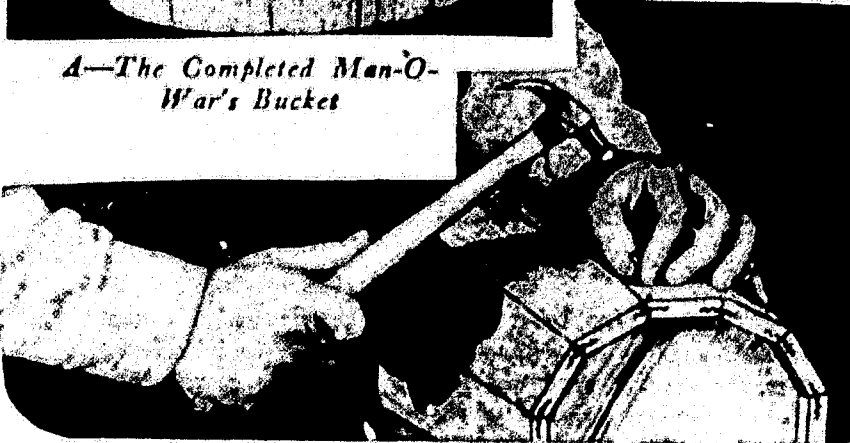
A—The Completed Man-O-War's Bucket



B—Marking a Paper Pattern for Cutting The Brass Bands



C—"Toenailing" the Top of the Staves Together



D—Nailing the Bottom into Place. Note How Corrugated Fasteners Join Bottoms of Staves



E—Bevels on the Edges of the Bucket Staves Are All Carefully Hand-Planed

shown are not straight pieces but are cut in a flat curve to fit sloping sides. Number 26 soft sheet brass is used for these. First make a paper pattern, as shown in picture B, for each of the bands; then use these when cutting the metal.

Ordinary brass-headed carpet tacks provide the "antique" nails. Scribe lines around the bucket where the bands are to go and hold to these lines when applying the strips, placing two nails through the lapped lengths of the bands.

The rope handle retained in its place with brass ferrules around the ends, made from the same sheet brass. Drive brass brads through the ferrule into the rope and solder the heads lightly in place.

Apply oak oil stain to wood and rope and blend areas of darker color—raw timber oil color—over the initials stain to give an antique effect. Then sand, shellac, sand and apply wax or varnish as desired, completing our "old" man-o-war's bucket.

SEND ten cents to TOWN, Handicraft Department, P. O. Box 721, Rochester, N. Y., to obtain Handicraft Plan 88, which gives complete instructions for making the novel Man-O-War's Bucket.

## PETER AND SUE

Continued From Page 4

to poor kids for Christmas. Oh, Mom! Wasn't it fun? You really, truly acted as though you had never seen me before. I must tell Dad!"

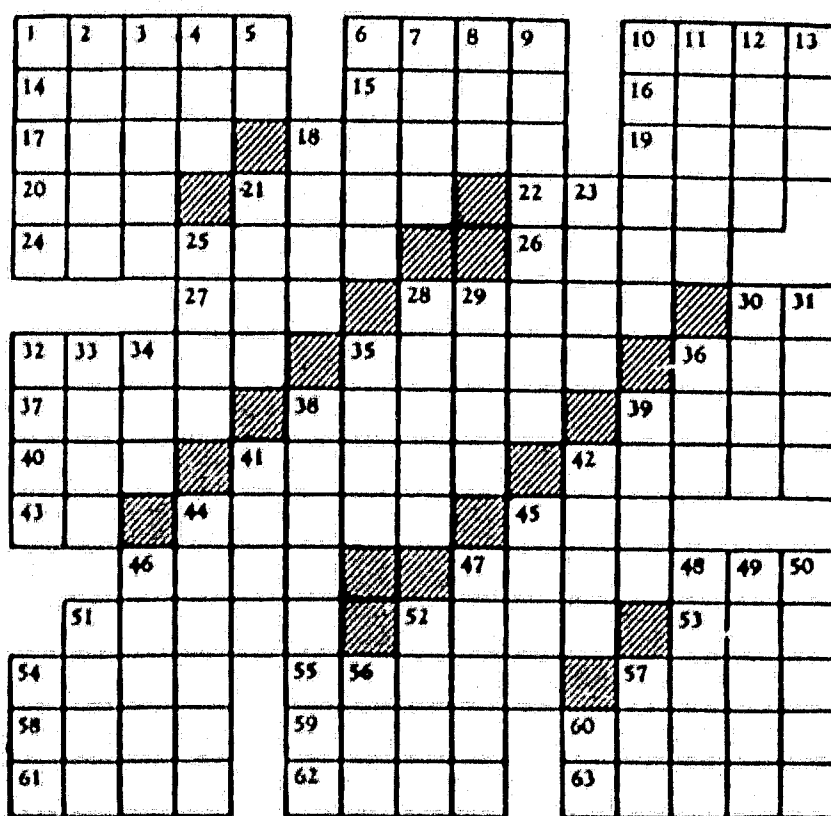
"Peter," Mrs. Stewart put her arm around his neck and drew him to her. "Peter, I'm so glad that in school you learn to think of home safety. I shall go through the house and check on everything. There's that rickety old step ladder that I've been going to throw out, and I must get some rubber to

put under those little rugs on the living room floor. Since I polished that floor, the rugs slip terribly."

"And," added Peter, "the teacher told us to tell our mothers to clean out the medicine closet. Throw away all old medicine bottles! Is what the teacher said."

"Mom! Peter? Where are you?" Susan called up the stairs. "What are you doing way up in the garret? Are you coming right down?"

## TOWN CROSS WORD PUZZLE



SOLUTION NEXT WEEK

### HORIZONTAL

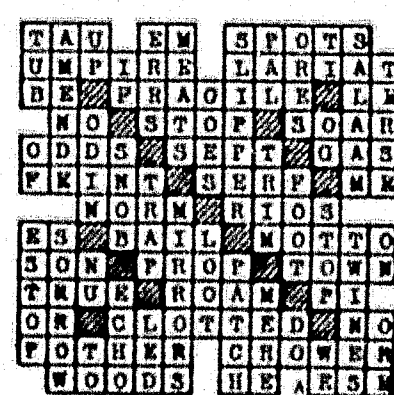
- 1—Bid
- 6—Head cook
- 10—Conforms
- 14—Long for
- 15—Leading man
- 16—Single thing
- 17—Weary
- 18—Of less color
- 19—Depend on
- 20—And so forth (abbr.)
- 21—Woman's garment
- 22—Decamp
- 24—Playhouse
- 26—Sour
- 27—Inlet
- 28—Fragment
- 30—Act
- 32—Hesitate
- 35—Soup server
- 36—Chart
- 37—Particle
- 38—Sing
- 39—Bristle
- 40—Country hotel
- 41—Niggard

### VERTICAL

- 1—First eight lines of a sonnet
- 2—Estuary
- 3—Dramatic satire
- 4—Previous night
- 5—Note of the scale
- 6—Sent
- 7—Assist
- 8—Before
- 9—Prognosticate
- 10—General enthusiasm
- 11—Out of place
- 12—Roofing material
- 13—Pen
- 18—Petition
- 21—Bistle
- 23—Dainty trimming
- 25—Lily plant
- 28—Avoid
- 29—Object of worship
- 30—Known facts
- 31—Gem
- 32—Speaker's platform
- 33—Spirit lamp
- 34—Japanese family crest
- 35—Praise
- 36—Came together
- 38—French cavalry soldier
- 39—Hindoo woman's garment
- 41—Coin
- 42—Short letter
- 44—List
- 45—Walked heavily
- 46—Christmas saint
- 47—Poplar tree
- 48—Withered
- 49—Scene of action
- 50—Pertaining to the nose
- 51—Solitary
- 52—Ridges of glacial drift
- 54—Hobby
- 56—Macaw
- 57—Prayer
- 60—Exist

### SOLUTION TO

#### LAST WEEK'S PUZZLE





## PLEASANT HOMES by ELIZABETH BOYKIN

## HOLIDAY HOSTESS FINDS MANY AIDS IN NEW CHRISTMAS FRILLS

WE ALWAYS like to save our best party for the Christmas holidays because it will seem so much more like a party then with everybody in a festive mood and the mystic glamor of the season touching the world with gentle good cheer.

Stand-up parties are popular, for they're so easy to plan. You can be as formal as a White House reception or as gay as a football tea, all depending on what kind of good time you want.

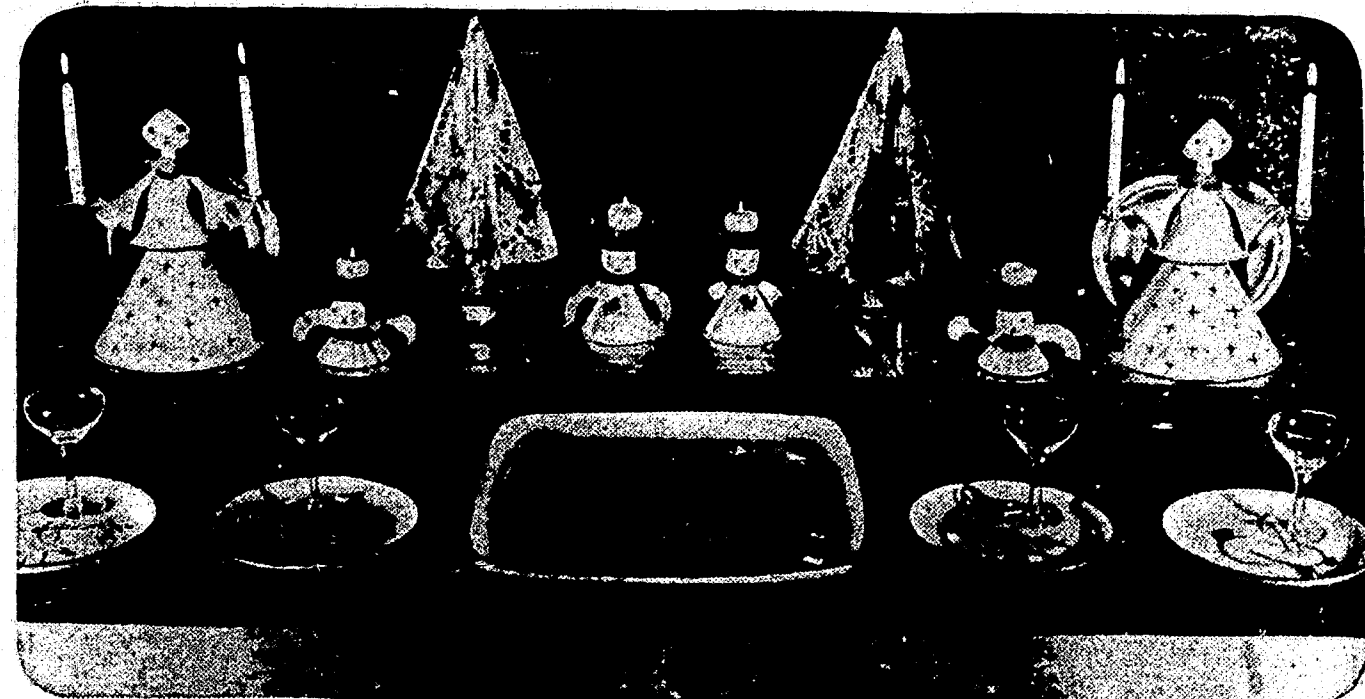
If you're going to be having parties like this right along, you'll want a punch bowl as permanent equipment. Don't forget the ladle to go with it, and you'll probably want punch cups. As for design, we'd be rather conservative about the choice of the punch bowl since you won't be getting one more than once in a lifetime. But you can be as bold as you like about the cups because, no matter how many resolutions you make, they're bound to get broken. One point to remember is that you'll probably need a lot of punch cups. It might be a good idea to club together with a neighbor or relation in buying them to use at both your parties. We're partial to the clear crystal cups for formal occasions and to the painted crystal for informal times. However, colored glass is back in the fashion picture and very stunning in certain places.

Teas are much less expensive for holiday entertaining, though, and lots of fun. And you'll be surprised how many men take to tea these days. Maybe it's the English tweed influence. . . Maybe it's just that the two-fisted boys like explorers, aviators and crack athletes all get the habit of good strong tea.

Besides, there's no use in talking about it, a lady is at her most becoming best presiding at a tea table; so if you're on the romantic side you've probably made your contribution to the revival of the tea-drinking habit among the men.

But what will you need to serve a pretty tea? Well, the first thing is the nicest tea set you can manage. Sterling silver, if possible, especially if you're rather formal in your ways. The next best bet if you like things in a grand way is a good plated silver service, which is better by far than too-thin sterling.

We're quite a stickler for the tea kettle, with its cheery alcohol burner to assure plenty of hot water all the time. That's something you should have even if you have a china set. Copper kettles are lovely . . . so are Russian samovars polished till they glitter. If you're a real tea connoisseur, you'll no doubt prefer a separate kettle of this type with a china or pottery tea set for the reason that tea itself is



supposed to be better when brewed in an earthenware pot.

Besides your tea pot, you'll want nice silver teaspoons, tongs and lemon fork; and you'd better try to get the daintiest napkins in town. Several serving dishes will be needed for

cakes and sandwiches, and there's your chance to create an ensemble to glow over. Sometimes plain jewel-toned plates are just the thing needed to accent the pattern of your tea set.

Continued On Page 15

## CHRISTMAS TABLE

This is a pleasant way to set a table for a holiday stand-up party. The decorations are tin angels and aluminum foil Christmas trees.

## THE MONSTER OF THE LOCH by W. J. Makin

Continued From Page 7

I was above the surface of the loch, lost in the inky blackness of an immense cavern within the cliffs.

The glistening light of my lamp emphasized the horrors of that cavern. But as I turned slowly I saw something that caused a sob of fear to break from me. On a slimy ledge, lapped by the inky waters of the loch, lay the body of Jill Johnson. Lank tresses of fair hair swathed her face like seaweed.

I struggled and fought to remove the cursed helmet that imprisoned my head. I tore and beat at the steel dome. And then, just when I had given up in despair, I felt the helmet swivelling round in my hands.

A moment later I was free. In a few minutes I had torn the diver's suit from my body and was leaning over the body of Jill Johnson, rubbing her hands and whispering many endearing words in a sort of hysteria.

A shudder went through the body. I realized that she was

still alive. But, having been dragged through those awful depths, she was half-drowned. Mechanically, I began to work in the fashion in which I had seen Martin Benson working on the diver in the cellar of Lare Castle the previous night.

I realized that Jonathan Jow's awful assumption had been right. This was the monster's den. And the beast had left the girl on the ledge and then swirled back into the loch.

Another shudder then rippled through her body, and, to my joy, her eyes flickered open.

I smoothed back her hair, murmuring words of love to her. Her eyes closed again. I went on, fighting desperately for the life still in her.

At last a shuddering sigh burst forth.

"Peter!" she moaned. "What has happened?"

"You're safe!" I lied urgently. I felt her arm stretch up towards my neck and curl itself there. She pulled my face towards her and kissed my lips.

"Peter, I love you. It's all been a horrible nightmare, has it not?"

I nodded. "Are you badly hurt?" I asked.

"My body seems all numb," she replied.

"Try and stand," I urged her. With her hand over my shoulder she raised herself from the ledge. She swayed, but I held her close. Warmth was coming back to her body. Slowly, she took a step forward. I urged her forward a few more paces. Then she sank down upon a boulder. She buried her face in her hands and cried helplessly. But soon the weakness was over.

"Where am I?" she asked. "We're in a cave," I said, trying to speak in an ordinary tone.

"In a cave!" There was a puzzled look in her eyes. Then I saw the horror come rushing back. "That horrible monster, then—"

She dared not go on, I nodded. "How did you get here?" I indicated the diver's suit.

"I came down in that. But it's useless now."

Her eyes glamed strangely. "You came down for me?" I nodded.

"Darling Peter."

"At any moment that monster may come back to this

horrible cave," I whispered.

I realized that Jonathan Jow, when that air-pipe line had become entangled and the life-line came up out of the depths, must have assumed that death had come to me. But I knew the old big game hunter too well to imagine that he would abandon me. Somewhere on the surface he was planning and thinking how to get into the cave.

"Yet there must be another way out," I cried aloud suddenly, "for we still breathe, and air must be coming from some opening."

"Let's climb away from the water," suggested Jill. "Anywhere out of reach."

Holding the lamp in one hand, I led the way over boulders and stones, and in a few moments we were climbing a sheer face of rock.

We were resting on a narrow ledge of rock when I heard a stone rattling down from the roof. Another. Then the crunch of footsteps. I started up. Something was crawling toward us. I yelled to Jill to take cover. My voice resounded with a hundred echoes in the cavern.

A voice, a madman's voice, broke through those echoes.

"Who are you, miserable humans?"

I looked up. The electric lamp revealed a man with glaring, insane eyes.

"Norway . . . David Norway!" I gasped.

"So you know me, eh? Yes I'm David Norway, the greatest biologist of the age. Where is this monster I've created?"

Dumbly I pointed to the dark depths below.

THE MAD scientist chuckled.

"So the first of the plesiosaurs of the twentieth century is waiting there for me, eh? Waiting for David Norway, his lord and creator. Ha . . . ha . . . ha!"

There was a thunderous roar and a swirl of waters beneath, and I realized that the monster of Loch Lare was returning, seeking his prey.

Clinging to a rock, I flashed my feeble lamp downwards. I caught one glimpse of a dragging mountain of slimy black flesh, shining eyes and a gasping mouth. And lurching towards this horrible monster was the mad scientist, David Norway, laughing insanely and

calling to the beast as a man would to a pet dog.

Then as I saw the monster reach out hungrily for the scientist, the lamp pitched downwards from my terrified hand. Again Jill and I began a desperate climb upwards. Dimly I was aware that the cool night air was coming against my face. And as though from heaven above came a calm command, "Steady, my boy. Take it easy!"

It was Jonathan Jow. A moment later his strong hands were helping us out of the cavern on to the wind-swept heights of the cliff top.

"HERE THEY come," said Jonathan Jow.

He lay hunched on the terrace of Lare Castle, a pair of binoculars in his fingers.

Jill and I were sprawled at his side. A few yards away crouched a man in the uniform of the R.A.F., headphones clamped over his ears.

A droning sound in the sky rumbled to a roar. Three seaplanes crossed the noonday sky. As they soared over Lare Castle, two dived outwards. The third came roaring downwards toward the surface of the loch.

With the binoculars glued to his eyes, Jonathan Jow was snapping orders to the wireless operator quailing by the instruments on the terrace.

"Tell him to get as near the cliff as possible!"

"Yes, sir."

"Tell him to loose his depth bomb on the word 'three!'"

"Yes, sir."

"Start counting."

"One . . . two . . . three!"

I saw a huge upheaval of water as the seaplane, skimming within a few feet of the surface, let fall a depth bomb. The waters spouted high.

At the same moment there was a flurry of waters, and a streak of foam came from the direction of the cliff.

"The monster! He's out of the cavern!" cried Jonathan Jow.

The second seaplane swooped down within a foot of the water. At the same moment the pilot loosed a bomb and sent the seaplane roaring up.

Once again a mountain of water leaped toward the sky.

"That's got him!" I cried.

"Not yet," snapped Jonathan Jow.

The third seaplane swooped toward the flurry of waters and once again a dull object dropped into the loch.

The machine was lost in the

Continued On Page 14

## GAY POINSETTIA WILL LIVE LONG IF PROPERLY CARED FOR

INDOOR GARDENS will soon be displaying poinsettia, the favorite Christmas plant. Brilliant with its red and green coloring, it will bloom during the Christmas and New Year's season, and because of its low price it makes an ideal Christmas gift.

Handle your poinsettia carefully this year and you should be able to make it bloom for another Christmas. Poinsettia is very sensitive to drafts. It should never be allowed to remain in a cold room; the water used on it should be of room temperature—never cold. Be

sure it gets plenty of moisture and sunlight. The best temperature is between 60 and 70 degrees. Water well when the soil is dry and do not rewater until the soil has had a chance to become dry again.

In February prepare poinsettia for its "resting period" by decreasing gradually the amount of water. It may be pruned now or after the resting period is over. Store it in a dark dry place until the end of April. Keep an eye on it to see that it does not shrivel.

When the rest is over, the amount of water is gradually increased to normal, and the plant is repotted in a rich light soil and taken back to the light. In June when weather is warm plunge poinsettia outdoors in a sunny location. The pot should be plunged to the rim.

Around September it must be taken indoors before there is a chance of chilling. When the plant has become adjusted to the indoor environment it should be given a weekly application of fertilizer.

TOWN'S Garden Editor will be glad to supply information on where to buy fertilizers, insecticides, equipment, etc., and will also arrange to have catalogues sent you. Merely enclose a self-addressed, stamped envelope with your request to TOWN'S Garden Editor, P. O. Box 721, Rochester, N. Y.





### APPETIZING BUFFET SUPPER

Here is a buffet supper that the men will appreciate. Serve baked ham and slices of cheese with plenty of hot, fresh coffee, of course, and a supply of bread in the background. Prepare the ham in the usual way and, for a change, dot it with cherries and garnish with pickle flowers. It's the coffee that counts most with the men, however.

### SHORTS CUTS

IF, AFTER several days, newly painted furniture is still a bit sticky, try painting it over lightly with plain turpentine. This frequently will take away that gumminess.

AN EFFECTIVE water softener for the bath is made by filling a small cheesecloth bag with oatmeal and swishing it through the water.

THE HOMEMAKER may make her own silver polish by making a paste of bicarbonate of soda and rinse in clear warm water.

SWISS CHARD is cooked like spinach, with no water except what clings to the leaves from washing. It may be served with butter or a cream sauce.

WHEN shopping for sheets, be sure they are not weighted. Rub corner over something dark. If weighted, the sheet will give off a powdery flake. In laundering, this substance will wash out and reveal a wide coarse weave.



### BLUEBERRY DUMPLINGS

If you want to give your family a real treat, make these delicious blueberry dumplings. For the dough: Sift 1 cup flour, 2 teaspoons baking powder, 1/2 teaspoon salt, 1/4 teaspoon nutmeg, 1 tablespoon sugar. Cut in 2 tablespoons butter, add 1/4 cup milk, 1/2 cup drained canned blueberries. Stir quickly to make stiff dough. Drop by spoonfuls into rapidly boiling fruit sauce. Cover tightly and boil gently for 15 minutes without removing cover. To make the sauce: drain liquid from canned blueberries, add enough water to make 1 1/2 cups liquid, and pour into saucepan. If berries are unsweetened, add 1 1/2 cups brown sugar.

## ECONOMICAL RECIPES COME TO AID OF MEAL-PLANNERS

THIS WEEK'S column is made up of varied recipes that I have tried and found not only tasty but economical and practical. They are easily adapted to most of the requirements for family meals, at least. Try them and see if you don't think them worth serving again and again. The chicken hash that follows is made from left-over roast chicken or from the less choice parts of chicken left from a fancy casserole dish in which only the breast, thighs and drumsticks were used. It is delicious either for breakfast or luncheon.

### CREAMY CHICKEN HASH

Ingredients: 2 tablespoons butter, 2 tablespoons flour, 1/2 cup cream, 1/2 cup chicken stock, 2 cups cooked chicken cut fine, 1/2 teaspoon salt, 2 eggs, 2 teaspoons cooking sherry, and pepper.

Melt the butter, add the flour and mix well. Add the cream and chicken broth and cook until the sauce is smooth, stirring constantly. Add the chicken and season well with salt and pepper—perhaps a dash of cayenne. Heat thoroughly. Pour over the beaten eggs and add the sherry flavoring. Mix well and cook about 2 minutes longer. For breakfast serve over points of crisp buttered toast.

For a luncheon entree, pour the hash into a greased shallow baking dish and pipe freshly mashed potatoes through a pastry bag into a border. Set into a hot oven until the potatoes are touched with brown. Or, if you wish, surround the hash with a border of hot, buttered, chopped spinach and garnish with hard-cooked eggs.

### CANDIED CARROTS

Ingredients: 1 bunch young carrots sliced lengthwise, 1/2 cup sugar, 1/4 teaspoon nutmeg, 1 cup boiling water, 2 tablespoons butter, salt and paprika.

Place the carrots in a deep, covered saucepan and mix in the sugar and salt to season. Cover with boiling water. Cover closely and simmer slowly until tender. Add water occasionally if there is danger of burning. When tender, add the butter and nutmeg. Cook, turning frequently until the carrots are glazed with the syrup. Serve at once.

### STUFFED CORN SQUASH

Ingredients: 3 small acorn squash, 3 tablespoons melted butter, salt and sugar, 2 cups buttered or creamed spinach, 2 hard-cooked eggs sliced.

Wash the squash, split in halves, discard the seeds and brush with butter. Sprinkle lightly with salt and a little sugar. Bake in a hot oven about 45 minutes or until tender. Fill the cavities with hot buttered or creamed spinach, garnish with hard-cooked eggs and serve at once. This combination is nice with chopped ham patties or croquettes.

### STUFFED FLANK STEAK

Ingredients: 2 cups dry bread crumbs, 1/2 cup sausage meat, 1/2 cup tart chopped apples, 1 teaspoon minced onion, salt, pepper, crumbled sage, 1/2 cup hot water, 1 flank steak.

Mix the crumbs, sausage, apples, onion and seasonings. Moisten with the hot water and spread over the flank steak. Roll, and fasten with toothpicks or skewers. Dot with butter or bacon fat and bake in a moderate oven until the meat is tender and done.

### ORANGE CHARLOTTE

Ingredients: 1 envelope plain, unflavored gelatin, 1/4 cup cold water, 1/2 cup boiling water, 1/2 cup honey, 1 lemon, 1 cup orange juice, 3 egg whites, lady fingers or sponge cake.

Soften the gelatin in cold water and dissolve in boiling water. Add honey, the juice of the lemon and orange juice. Cool, and when the mixture starts to thicken, beat until light. Fold in the stiffly beaten egg whites and turn into a mold that has been lined with lady fingers or strips of sponge cake and garnished with maraschino cherries. Chill, and when firm, unmold and serve with whipped cream to which the grated rind of 1 small orange and sugar to sweeten has been added.

WHEN roasting beef, have the oven very hot for the first fifteen minutes to seal in the juices, then reduce heat for slower cooking in a moderate oven, figuring 15 - 20 minutes to the pound, depending upon how well-done you like it.

## THE MONSTER OF THE LOCH

Continued From Page 13

mountain of spray that was flung up. At the same time a gigantic black object reared itself out of a maelstrom, a long neck with a horrible head gaped as though it would swallow that strange piece of mechanism that was stumbling skyward. But the waters were flecked with red. The monster was dying.

The first machine was returning to the attack. A roar burst from the monster's gaping mouth. It was the last defiance of the monster against civilization. Another depth bomb fell and there was the crash of explosion and the upheaval of water. It had fallen squarely on the monster.

"AND OUR friend, Sam Oppermann, and his accomplices are safely in the hands of the police who were waiting for them at the loch side as they landed," concluded Jonathan, regarding the ash of his cheroot with a meditative air.

"And the treasure?" I asked.

"Also with the police."

"There's been no trace found of Martin Benson, I suppose?" I asked.

"No," Jonathan Jow flicked the ash tray. "His body lies in the loch with the smashed pulp of the monster."

"What a story for the Daily Courier," I exclaimed. "The story of the century!"

A smile crossed the mahogany face.

"Well, my dear boy, you'll have to hurry up with it. That bright girl went off half an hour ago in a launch to send a message to the Daily Picture."

"What, Jill?" I exclaimed.

He nodded.

"Darn the girl!" I cried, reaching for my hat. "I'm going after her now. And d'you know what I'm going to do to that sob sister of Fleet Street?"

"Marry her," chuckled Jonathan Jow, turning his back on me.

THE END



### DELICIOUS ACCOMPANIMENT

If you want a tasty accompaniment for fish, meat or poultry, try these delightful baked bananas. Peel 3 large, firm, ripe bananas, brush thoroughly with 2 tablespoons melted butter and place in well-buttered baking pan. Heat 1 1/2 cups cranberry sauce and pour over bananas. Bake in moderate oven (375 degrees F.) until bananas are tender—about 20 minutes. Use 1/2 banana for each serving. Makes 6 servings.

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## REFRESHING EAU DE COLOGNE FINDS MANY USES

THE ORIGINATOR of that misleading idea that cologne should be confined to warm weather use should be subjected to some disagreeable punishment, for cologne is just as refreshing during the fall and winter of the year as any other time.

No Frenchwoman would ever dream of setting aside her eau de Cologne at any time of the year. Madame may be sparing of her perfumes because her

by  
JACQUELINE HUNT

persona, budget is often limited, but she uses her cologne with a lavish hand. Sometimes she sprinkles a little on her bed linen, dashes a tablespoonful or so into her tub when bathing, puts a few drops into the final rinsing water when shampooing her hair.

When traveling, she uses eau de Cologne for cleansing and freshening her complexion before renewing her make-up.

Professional models are among the defenders of eau de Cologne's freshening qualities. There are many times during the day when the cooling liquid is gratefully applied to a tired "fashion plate." Madame Jeanne Lanvin says her mannequins revive themselves during the tiring days of the Fashion Openings with frequent eau de Cologne treatments.

Try their trick at home when you are tired or must dash from one appointment to another. If slightly headachy, apply little pads of gauze or cotton saturated in cologne to the temples. The cooling touch and slight drawing of the skin seem to quiet jumpy nerves. To relieve tenseness or that wilted feeling, rub eau de Cologne from the back of your neck out to the edge of each shoulder with a strong sweeping motion, at the same time digging the fingers well into the flesh. A good cologne and a strong hand will do away with that droopy feeling in a wink.

Feet tired from long hours of steady standing or walking are soothed and rested by soaking in warm salt water, drying thoroughly and then massaging briskly with eau de Cologne.

Even though perfumers and cosmetic manufacturers have developed many new and thrilling things, there is nothing which can replace old-fashioned eau de Cologne as a year-round pick-me-up. Dash it around your person at the proper time, and it's the best possible cure for let-downs, weariness, nerves or headaches.

## TOWN PATTERNS



Pattern 9878. FASHIONABLE NEW FROCK with soft fullness and flattering waist. Ideal for all types of figures. Designed for sizes 10 to 18. Size 16 requires 3½ yards 36-inch fabric and ¼ yard contrasting. Price 15 cents.

Pattern 4938. YOUTHFUL AT-HOME FROCK with chic, slenderizing lines. Designed for sizes 34 to 48. Size 36 requires 3½ yards 36-inch fabric. Price 15 cents.

Pattern 6218. AMUSING KITTEN QUILT in easy applique design. Pattern contains block chart; carefully drawn pattern pieces; color schemes; step-by-step directions for making quilt; yardage chart; illustration of finished quilt. Price 10 cents.

Pattern 9901. VERSATILE HOLIDAY FROCK that has a two-way neckline and is smart with or without the bolero. Designed for sizes 34 to 48. Size 36 requires 4½ yards 39-inch fabric for ensemble. Price 15 cents.

IT'S TIME to make ready for the holiday season. Send for our Pattern Book of Winter Styles and see what's new in fashions to stitch up for the holiday events. A complete guide to the latest tailored and dress-up frocks, sports togs and at-home dresses. Suggestions to delight the most critical misses and co-eds. Exquisite lingerie, slimming modes to charm the matron. Answers to the gift problems on your list—and tips on accessories and fabrics, too. Study every page and every pattern illustration; they bring important hints on how to sew easily, thriftily and smartly. The price of this book is 15 cents; book and a pattern together, 25 cents.

ADDRESS orders to TOWN, Pattern Department, P. O. Box 721, Rochester, N. Y. Be sure to include pattern size and number.



## A QUEEN CHOOSES PLAID

The British Royal Family's visit to Paris—the swing-back to Victorian fashions—inspired this dress designed by Grace Ashley in authentic Scotch tartans. White china studs fasten the blouse and cuffs. The belt is of black latex and white pigskin.

## HOLIDAY HOSTESS AIDED BY NEW CHRISTMAS FRILLS

Continued From Page 13

by  
ELIZABETH BOYKIN

dinner from a side table drawn up to your chair, leaving the big table bare but for individual covers and your centerpiece decorations. We aren't going to be drawn into the controversy as to which is correct because we think that either is, depending on personal preference. But there's more chance to make a breath-taking, beautiful table setting if the food is served from the side table.

Instead of the usual holly and evergreens, you may want a glittering metallic tree for your centerpiece this year—aluminum foil, in cone shape, or with intricate branches spreading conventionally out from a center pole. And the chances are you'll have some plaster angels around somewhere. They're very demure grouped about one of these brilliant modern trees and set upon a table covered with aluminum foil and decorated with fat aluminum foil leaves and pine cones painted white or gold.

This aluminum foil, by the way, is quite something for Christmas decoration. It has body so that it can be bent this way and that without breaking, and has a brilliant luster . . . available in all sorts of scintillating Christmas decorations as well as in strips that can be used for a table spread . . . good to save and bring out year after year.

But if you don't want to go

to much expense, there's nothing more dramatic than plain dark blue percale on which have been glued snow flakes cut out of white paper. Add a row of tall white candles at each end of the table, set it with white plates, and you have as spectacular a Christmas table as you could want.

Or else begin with a gold cloth (lame if you have it available . . . gold paper if you count your pennies). Use plain white plates with it and down the center, of the table a garland of Christmas greens and a row of dark green candles.

Or depend on a plain white tablecloth set with your prettiest plates (preferably with gold bandings or gold decorations). Gild some evergreen branches, pine cones and nuts and make a centerpiece of these golden decorations. Add ruby glass if you have it, and there you are. This idea is borrowed from the Viennese, who gild everything at hand for Christmas decorations. We must admit that it's a bright idea and suggests many a way with an otherwise plainish table.

Whether you do everything yourself, or have a group of helpers, we hope you have as good a time at your party as any guest—that's the real test!

**Yarn Sale!** Crochet a BABY SET! Crochet a Cap, Boot and Bootie Set in our "Baby Pamphlet" yarn, a soft nubby yarn with silky thread for socks (complete instructions and Crochet Book sent with sufficient yarn, for \$1.00, plus 10¢ postage. In White, Blue, Pink or Yellow. Write also for 100 FREE SAMPLES of Hand Knitting Yarn at Wholesale Prices! GLORIA YARN CO., Dept. H18 38 North 9th St., Phila., Pa.



# This Boy *Knows*

## Do YOU Know?

Why is the sky blue?  
Why is snow white?  
Why is sugar sweet?  
What is dry ice?

Where does the day begin?  
What is television?  
What are eyebrows for?  
What holds the stars up?

Why do I dream?  
Why can't I see in the dark?  
Why are raindrops round?  
What makes an echo?



THIS BOY has The Book of Knowledge in his home. It is a constant delight to him every day, and is turning his eager curiosity into worthwhile knowledge. He can explain interestingly and correctly many of the familiar things he sees around him. His teacher will tell you that when she wants a quick and intelligent response in class, this boy is always ready. He understands many subjects of current interest in the papers and in the conversation of his elders. He has made a long start in the race for knowledge.

The Book of Knowledge is already in the homes of more than 3,500,000 children. It has been translated into many foreign languages, giving to children in almost every corner of the globe the essential knowledge of the world. The easy, friendly style and the arrangement of articles are two important features. Step by step the young learners go, from the simplest facts to the more advanced, yet so gradually that they never feel the steady upward climb. Send for the Free Booklet.

# The BOOK OF KNOWLEDGE

## *The Children's Encyclopedia*

Answers Every Question Your Child Can Ask

**C**URIOSITY is the beginning of knowledge — your children's first and best teacher, so let them ask as many questions as they like, and be sure they are answered correctly. The child who is made to feel that these questions are trivial will presently stop asking, and will lose the precious gift of interest. But — *can you answer all their questions?* Why do the stars twinkle? Can you explain this, so simply and clearly that a child can understand?

The Book of Knowledge is an almost inexhaustible mine of information. Every topic of interest and value to growing minds is here explained. More than 15,000 pictures show at a glance facts difficult to understand through the written word alone and double the chances for remembering.

Angelo Patri calls The Book of Knowledge "the best reference work for children that I have ever seen."

Mrs. E. M. Ritter of Massachusetts, mother of two boys,

says: "The Book of Knowledge is a boon to the teacher and a boost to the child."

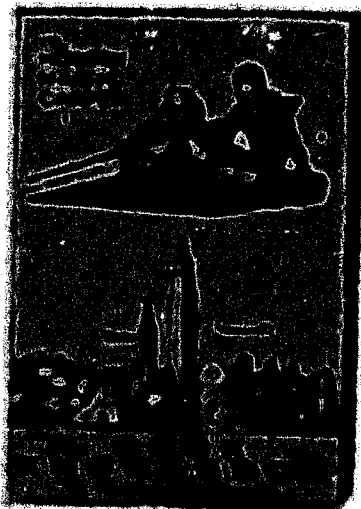
Gretchen Westervelt, librarian, writes: "I suspect The Book of Knowledge of just a bit of magic. No child can handle a volume without finding something of interest, something not too difficult . . . The Book of Knowledge is the Aladdin's lamp for them all."

Lewis M. Terman, co-author of intelligence tests used in schools, says: "A goodly portion of the gifted children I have been studying seem to have been brought up on The Book of Knowledge . . . its contents, regardless of subject, are willingly and eagerly read by the large majority of children who are given the opportunity."

Send for the beautiful free booklet of fascinating pages. It will delight your child. No obligation, of course.

**FREE to Parents**  
**'This Beautiful Booklet . . .**  
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### Wake Up Their Sleeping Talents!

Wake up your child's sleeping talents! What would you not do to give your boy or girl a happy and successful career? The first essential is to provide a thorough and practical education that will stand the test of life. The day you put The Book of Knowledge in the home is a red-letter day in your family. Watch your child dip into its fascinating pages. Note the subjects to which he returns again and again with mounting interest. There is a signpost, pointing the way to work or profession in which success can be won. Talents are discovered, horizons broadened, and mental powers developed when The Book of Knowledge is in the home.

There is no substitute for knowledge. It opens all doors. It enhances personality. It is the one tool that will help your child to help himself in the grownup years ahead. Send for "The Magic Carpet" — FREE.

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